

The Nation

VOL. XVI., No. 6.]
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1914.

[PRICE 6D.
Postage: U.K. 3d., Abroad, 1d.]

CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ... 157	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—	"France Herself Again." ... 173
The German Conduct of the	By the Abbé Dimnet ... 173
War. By H. W. M. ... 160	Sir Robert Morier on Ger-
Turkey's Trojan Horse ... 161	many. By Sir W. F.
Soldiers' and Sailors' Rights ... 163	Barrett ... 173
The Surprise in the Pacific ... 163	Conscription and Voluntary
The Eastern Diversion ... 165	Service. By A. W. E. ... 173
OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESI-	The Treatment of Aliens.
DENT OF THE UNITED STATES	By T. R. Bridgwater ... 173
OF AMERICA. By G. Bernard	Democracy and Homocracy.
Shaw ... 166	By H. Canning Yeo ... 173
A LONDON DIARY. By A	A Reply to the German
Wayfarer ... 168	Professors' Manifesto ... 174
LIFE AND LETTERS:—	POETRY:—
Soldiers' Wives and the	Songs of Bereavement. By
Public-House ... 169	Jane Barlow ... 174
SHORT STUDIES:—	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By
This England. By Edward	Penguin ... 175
Thomas ... 170	REVIEWS:—
PRESENT-DAY PROBLEMS:—	Bergson and Nietzsche ... 176
How to Help the Cotton	Maeterlinck ... 178
Operatives. By G. D. H.	Pittiful ... 180
Cole ... 171	New Fiction ... 182
	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By
	Lucellum ... 182

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

AFTER patient efforts to reach a peaceful solution, this country declared war on Turkey on Thursday, and formally annexed Cyprus. The bombardment by the Turco-German fleet of the Russian Black Sea ports took place last Thursday, but it was doubtful for several days whether a formal state of war would follow. It was so obvious that the German Admiral must have acted without the full authority of the Turkish Government, that our own Foreign Office, at least, was determined to exhaust the resources of diplomacy before admitting that the breach was irreparable. Negotiations had, indeed, been proceeding for nearly a month, and a despatch has been published in which our Government complained, at the beginning of October, in sufficiently direct language of the numerous breaches of neutrality which Turkey had committed even in September. The Sultan, the Heir-Apparent, the Grand Vizier (Prince Said Halim), and three or four members of the Cabinet were known to be in favor of Turkey's neutrality. Three Ministers have actually resigned office. Enver Pasha had to make a *fait accompli*, and this he did by the simple process of hurling German ships at Russian ports. The Allies last Friday, therefore, demanded the dismantling of the "Goeben" and "Breslau," and the dismissal of all the German naval officers and men who are nominally in Turkish service. It is doubtful whether the Turkish Government could have accepted this demand without evacuating Constantinople, which the guns of the "Goeben" and "Breslau" could command.

AMONG the Allies our diplomacy was apparently the most forbearing, and it was not until Wednesday that the

Turkish Ambassador in London received his passports. Russia, on the other hand, expelled the Turkish Chargé d'Affaires on Monday. The three Ambassadors in Constantinople asked for their passports as far back as Saturday last. There have been rumors of an apology by the Grand Vizier, but the utmost concession which Turkey was prepared to make was apparently to recall her warships from the Black Sea to the Dardanelles. As a French communiqué pointed out, a solution so doubtful as this would have been for the Allies scarcely preferable to actual war, for they would still have had to keep their fleets and armies in readiness to meet a Turkish attack. A further complication was caused by the attitude of the Khedive, who is in Constantinople, and is said to have demanded the recall of the British army of occupation from Egypt. Any doubt about the attitude of Russia was dissipated on Tuesday, when the Tsar published a manifesto in which he said that Russia would know how to punish "this fresh aggression by the ancient persecutor of the Christian religion and of all the Slav peoples."

"WARLIKE operations" began even before the final breach of diplomatic relations. A combined French and British squadron bombarded the Dardanelles at long range on Tuesday morning, damaging two of the forts, and suffering no injury itself. Some British destroyers sank a small Turkish gunboat off Mitylene, and the "Minerva" destroyed the fort, barracks, and stores at Akaba, the point from which a Turkish invasion would be most likely to start across the Sinai Peninsula for Egypt. The Russian army of the Caucasus began its invasion of Turkish Armenia on Tuesday, and drove in the Turkish outposts. The attitude of the Indian Moslems is all that we could desire, and the Aga Khan has published a strong manifesto, in which he says that the Turkish Government has acted under German orders, that no Islamic interest was imperilled by the war, and that the duty of Moslems is to be loyal to their temporal sovereigns. The Egyptian Prime Minister has also declared himself in a similar sense. Bulgaria has once more affirmed her determination to be neutral. Negotiations are proceeding under Russian auspices for an arrangement with Serbia, by which Bulgaria will receive Macedonia in return for her active support of the Allied cause. Serbia, however, hesitates to give up a large and purely Bulgarian region in Western Macedonia, and rumor plays nervously round what is undoubtedly an anxious situation. Our own Government has used its utmost influence to secure the satisfaction of Bulgaria's reasonable claims.

THE extension of the war to Turkey will present a new problem, not merely to Bulgaria, but to all the neutrals in the East. Greece is making active preparations, and is concentrating an army between Salonika and Kavala, as if to meet a Turkish attack, which could be delivered across Bulgarian territory only by the connivance of Sofia. Italy has passed this week through a Cabinet crisis, but it is doubtful whether it indicates any change in the attitude of the Government. The Finance Minister, Signor Rubini, resigned, apparently because he wished to meet the cost of mobilization by imposing fresh

taxes, which might have cooled the martial ardor of the opposition. The Cabinet has been re-constituted under Signor Salandra, and Baron Sonnino has entered it as Foreign Minister. He represents the Conservative Opposition, and his temper of mind has never been to yield to the whim of the hour. In spite of his half-English parentage, he is a partisan of Italian neutrality.

* * *

RUSSIAN successes in Poland have been emphasized and continued during the week. It is now clear that the German armies can make no long halt at any point until they reach their prepared lines along the River Warta, close to their own frontier. Their retreat has, indeed, almost reached these lines already. Lotz, Radom, Kelce, and at length Sandomierz have all been re-occupied by the Russians, and the German headquarters are once more at Czenstochowa. In the southern area of this field, an official communication states that 16,000 prisoners and several dozen guns have been taken. In Galicia, on the other hand, the Austrians are doing much better than the Germans have done in Poland. They still maintain the offensive, and as lately as Tuesday were still attempting, though without success, to force the passage of the San. On the East Prussian front, the Germans, who had been reduced for some days to the defensive, have now begun to retire at several points, and the Russian official news reports large captures of arms and munitions. It now seems probable that the Germans have had smaller forces in this eastern theatre than we had supposed. They are retreating from Poland, apparently without hope of any early return to the offensive, for they have everywhere destroyed the few railways and telegraph lines with minute thoroughness.

* * *

THE fighting in Flanders has been this week the most determined and probably the most murderous of the whole war. The attack on the extreme left of the Allied lines, between Nieuport and Dixmude, has indeed been abandoned, partly because of the effective work of the guns of our ships, and partly because the Belgians were able to close some part of the possible line of advance by flooding some of the land on the east bank of the Yser. The Germans now hold only one bridge-head on the left bank, and the Belgians have in their turn advanced at some points on the right bank. There is no reason to suppose, however, that the German retirement in this part of the line was due to exhaustion, but the signs of a real weakening in their offensive are, we think, conclusive. Their efforts have been spent mainly against the British positions round Ypres, and far down against the French round Arras. The fighting seems to be always of the same type, and nothing else is possible against continuous lines in this flat and closely peopled country. After terrific artillery preparation, the Germans attack our positions round some village or little town. The first rush often succeeds, and then the Allies set to work by furious counter-attacks to recover the lost ground. The result in the balance is summed up in the now familiar phrase of the French communications—"some slight progress." The main fact is still, as we argued last week, not that the somewhat weakened Germans are engaged in a voluntary offensive, with Calais as its objective, but rather that they are fighting a battle which was imposed upon them by the gradual allied advance northwards.

* * *

SOME incidents stand out from this welter of endlessly repeated frontal attacks. The London Scottish has distinguished itself by a brilliant charge, and earned the warm congratulations of General French, who declares

that they have given "a glorious lead and example" to all the Territorial corps. They inflicted tremendous losses on the Germans in their bayonet charge, but they themselves lost about three hundred killed and wounded, a third of their number, before their exploit was completed. The Indians, though entirely new to modern warfare and unused to artillery, have shown their usual gallantry and steadiness, and have won a special message of "gratitude" from the Commander-in-Chief. The official "Eye-witness," who, in his new incarnation, has abandoned his earlier frivolity and now gives us some useful and quite intelligent information, has had much to say in praise of the "superhuman courage," displayed by the Germans in these furious attacks, which have often been delivered by Landsturm formations composed of youths and middle-aged men. While Flanders has been the main centre of activity in the west, the Germans have scored an appreciable success on the Aisne, crossing the river and winning ground at Vailly on the left bank. Our men had long ago been moved from this area and replaced by French Territorials, who are much inferior to the first line. Much of the ground lost here has since been recovered. There has been no substantial change elsewhere along the long line.

* * *

FOR the first time since the Dutch wars of Charles II., an enemy's guns were heard last Tuesday on the coast of England. A German squadron approached Yarmouth in a mist, fired on the little gunboat "Halcyon," and retired, with some of our cruisers in pursuit. As they withdrew, one of the German cruisers or destroyers dropped mines from her stern, which blew up our submarine D5 with all but four of her crew, and two fishing boats with fifteen of their crews. The enemy fired over a hundred shells at the "Halcyon" at long range, but succeeded only in inflicting slight damage, and in wounding one man. Though the actual results of this raid were small, it is startling to find that a German flotilla could steam so far unopposed and leave our shores unpunished.

* * *

THE "Emden," meanwhile, has capped her many daring exploits by dashing in disguise into Penang Harbor, and there torpedoing a Russian cruiser, the "Zhemchug," and, it is said, a French destroyer. The "Emden's" ruse is admitted by naval experts as legitimate. The "Karlsruhe" has sunk three British merchant ships in the South Atlantic. The "Hermes," an old cruiser, used only as a store for aeroplane apparatus, was sunk in the daylight off Dunkirk. There is also news, as yet incomplete, of a naval battle off the coast of Chili. The five German cruisers, two of them powerful ships, which are raiding commerce in the Pacific concentrated off Valparaiso and fought a portion of our Pacific squadrons on Sunday. The armored cruiser "Monmouth" is said to have been sunk, and the "Good Hope," a larger cruiser with a weak armament, caught fire and was beached. The little cruiser "Glasgow" and the armed liner "Otranto" made good their escape, but the former is said to have been interned. As some small set-off against these losses, the German armored cruiser "Yorck" has been sunk by a mine (or more probably by one of our submarines) off Wilhelmshaven.

* * *

THE indiscriminate sowing of mines on frequented trade routes by the Germans, who do their work under the disguise of a neutral flag, has compelled the Admiralty to close the North Sea. The German policy had no military end in view; it aimed solely at the destruction of all commerce, whether neutral or British,

and had rendered even the waters of the North of Ireland perilous. From Thursday onwards, the North Sea was proclaimed a military area, and passage into it or out of it is forbidden across a line running from Iceland to the Hebrides, through the Faroe Islands. A route to Scandinavia and the Baltic will be kept open and patrolled, and may be rendered reasonably safe. It runs through the Channel, Dover Straits, up the East Coast, and then by a line from the Farne Islands to the southern point of Norway. Outside this guaranteed high road ships will stray at their peril. Though this regulation imposes some inconvenience on neutral, and especially Norwegian, shipping, it ensures safety. It is clearly better to take steps which will protect one route, than to fail by attempting to protect all. The expectation of the Admiralty clearly is that by confining shipping to one route which it can patrol, and along which search will be practicable, it may be able to exclude the disguised German minelayers altogether from our western coasts, and from the Atlantic highways.

* * *

MR. BELLOC had undertaken an ingenious calculation of the German wastage in this week's "Land and Water." He takes as his basis the German official figures of 36,000 killed, 160,000 wounded, and 55,000 missing in the Prussian army alone up to the middle of September. These figures are probably truthful, though the French figure of 65,000 prisoners on about the same date suggests some attempt to minimize losses. Mr. Belloc thinks the proportion of wounded to dead much too low. In our own lists it is never more than eight to one, and sometimes even fifteen to one. It is possible that the Germans reckon only serious wounds. But in the Balkan campaigns, the proportion was more nearly four to one, and this is usual when there is much hand-to-hand fighting. Mr. Belloc accordingly raised these figures to about 600,000 killed, wounded, and missing to the middle of September for the whole German forces, of which the Prussian army amounts to about 60 per cent. By a series of careful and, we think, quite moderate guesses, he reckons that this total must stand to-day at about one million and a quarter. For wastage from sickness he adds another half-million. This is not, we think, at all extravagant. A German Socialist paper by counting lists and striking an average puts the Prussian losses alone at about 750,000 men at the end of September. This would work out to a much higher total than Mr. Belloc's for the whole German army at the end of October. Germany, in short, has lost about one-third of her first line army.

* * *

THE pendulum of opinion in the United States seems to have taken a decidedly conservative swing, in spite of the success of President Wilson's administration and the great gain in prestige which it has brought to America abroad. The mid-term general election was held on Tuesday, and resulted in sweeping Republican gains. New York, and indeed most of the Eastern States, have gone overwhelmingly Republican, while the West and South remain solidly Democratic. The result has been to reduce the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives from 145 to about 20. There will be little change in the Senate, however, in which the Democrats have a majority of about ten. Mr. Roosevelt's third party has been almost wiped out, and most of the progressive "bull moose" vote has apparently returned to the Republican fold. The general mood of Conservatism, and it may be also the influence of the war, is seen in the failure in six States of the referendum on woman suffrage.

WE hope the reports, mentioned in the "Manchester Guardian" and elsewhere, as to the rebuffs administered by the War Office to the new Irish Army and its friends are not all true. If they are, small ground of complaint exists against Nationalist Irishmen for the slowness with which the ranks of the army are filling up. Is it really a fact that "a request for an adequate supply of Roman Catholic chaplains has been rebuffed"? On what conceivable grounds? And why has the War Office declined, as we are afraid it has declined, to permit the presentation of colors to the new battalions? Colors are not carried into the field, as in the old days, but they remain objects of pride and enthusiasm to the soldiery, especially, we should have said, to Irish soldiery. A little more imagination in War Office mentality might be a real factor in the success of the war.

* * *

THERE is a widespread feeling that the War Office is allowing the spirit of officialism to become a serious obstacle to movements for making camp life more cheerful and interesting to our soldiers. The refusal of the offer of the Board of Education, to which the "Times" refers, is an extreme instance. In this case a public department volunteered to provide instruction for recruits in the several camps. What could be more proper? Many soldiers are keenly anxious to learn French, as everyone knows who is in touch with the public-spirited persons who are holding classes in different centres. Many wish to pursue the study of some subject or another. Many would welcome any diversion amid the monotony of a soldier's life. But the War Office rejected the offer. The mutual jealousy of departments is often a real difficulty in administration; but in this case the opposition of the War Office seems to be part of a general reluctance to take any but the narrowest view of its responsibilities for the army.

* * *

THE Departmental Committee of the Local Government Board which is charged with the care of the Belgian refugees in England is to have the help of an Advisory Committee appointed by the Belgian Government. The special knowledge and experience of this Committee will be invaluable in organizing work and training with a view to the prospects of repatriation. The gravity of the problem of feeding the Belgian population still on its own soil is apparent from the estimate published by the Spanish and American Ministers at Brussels, who put the minimum requirements at 60,000 tons of grain, 15,000 tons of maize, and 3,000 tons of rice and peas a month. Meanwhile, the burden on their hospitality is pressing very severely on the Dutch people. The Dutch Government, for reasons that all can respect, declines the financial help of other Governments, but surely a fund might be started in Holland to which our Government could subscribe.

* * *

THE Government Distress Committee have now published a scale for the guidance of the Relief Committees who are administering the Prince of Wales's Fund. By this scale a single adult will receive 10s. in London and 8s. in the country. The maximum for a family will be 20s. and 15s. respectively. The publication of this scale should have the effect of raising considerably the allowances made by certain of the Committees mentioned in Mr. Lloyd's article in these columns last week, and to that extent it will remove some of the abuses that have marked the administration of the fund.

Politics and Affairs.

THE GERMAN CONDUCT OF THE WAR.

"THE world-nation is manifesting itself," says Dr. Marcks, Professor of Modern History in the University of Munich, lecturing to a sympathetic audience in Berlin. The self-manifestation of Germany is before us, but no country, not even the greatest, is its own critic, and it is the direction and the meaning of this force, rather than its volume, on which the verdict will be taken. The chief representatives of German science and art, whose "Appeal to the Civilized World" lies before me, declare that Germany is fighting as a people to whom "the heritage of a Goethe, a Beethoven, a Kant, is as sacred as are its fireside and its glebe." Professor Burroughs, the American naturalist, is of a different opinion. "The war," he says, "as waged by the Kaiser against Belgium and France is but a high-sounding name for the collective murder, pillage, and arson of vast organized bands of outlaws." Now if this view of Professor Burroughs is not the "secure judgment" of the whole earth, it comes very near it. The Germany of Goethe and Kant has rather less affinity with the Germany of William II. than has Caesar's Gaul with modern France. Society has come to see that something new and terrible has arisen, pursuing evil, and passionately theorizing about it as if it were good.

This is the more significant, inasmuch as the world has been getting genuinely frightened about war. So the alarmed instincts of civilized men labored to make it impossible, and, failing that, a little less horrible. They have not succeeded. Has there been a more significant element in that failure than the general attitude of Germany to the Hague Conventions? In the whittling down of those Conventions, no great military or naval Power is without offence, and we share with the rest. But the German military school has practically swept out the whole apparatus of pacifist law by accepting Treitschke's dictum that war is the first function of a great State, and that when the act of offence has begun, the standing, all-dominating law is military necessity. That in itself abolishes the international standard, and, in effect, it has been abolished. Germany started not only by wiping out Article I. of the Hague Convention on the rights of neutrals—"The territory of neutrals is inviolable"—but by confessing, through her chief civil officer, that she intended to break this law because it was convenient for her to do so. Here, then, the clock was put back; the shadow of force cast darkly on the rising international structure of "voluntary law." We need not put its protective force too high. It is possible, though quite unfair, to curse the Hague Conventions, as Mr. Bowles curses them in his "Candid Quarterly," for monuments of legal hypocrisy. The truth was that the militarists dominated the legalists, and contrived to turn many of the Hague rules into exceptions, and these exceptions into rules. Evasion of their spirit has therefore served Germany's turn when violation of their letter was needless. She has merely attacked a weak defence of civilization and overthrown it.

But let us come to facts, endeavoring to quit the

region in which merely wild or vindictive charges hurtle through the fog of war. Germany's conduct of the campaign on her western and eastern frontiers has already brought about one famine and made another inevitable. In three months Belgium has been reduced to starvation. She has been stripped bare of money, food, shelter, and the means and opportunity of commerce. Extortionate levies on ruined towns, the wholesale plunder of private property by the soldiery, the infliction of collective penalties for individual offences, the indiscriminate shooting of civilians, arson by towns and villages, have completed the work which the Germans declared themselves ready, in case of need, to carry out—namely, the terrorization of a people. Belgium, perhaps the most industrious national community in the world, is being fed by her neighbors. She cannot even be fed by pouring in wheat, for the Germans have seized the mills for the use of their own troops. Every offence I have specified is forbidden by an article in the Hague Conventions of 1907 or by one of their annexes. Special offences of the German armies have been of unexampled malignity. Mr. Whitehouse, in his moderate report on the Belgian devastation, declares that each house in Termonde was destroyed separately, by special bombs, made apparently of compressed benzine. Less notice has been taken of an incident of Germany's invasion of Poland. Her armies were accompanied by great numbers of threshing machines, which reaped and took away the crops to Germany, and thereby prepared for Germany's closest neighbor in the east the fate her legions had already meted out to the helpless community on her western border. Allow what we will for the increase of the destructive power which science has yielded to modern war, for the *va-et-vient* of the rival forces on Belgian soil, and the destruction which each army, including the Belgian, has brought with it, the truth remains that what Germany carried out in Belgium was not an ordinary war of passage, but the treading down of a nation as grapes are trodden in the wine-press. That violence she could not have accomplished had she not also broken through the elaborate defences ("paper" defences as they were) which the Hague Conventions constructed for the protection of non-combatants.

Enlightened men, as I have said, saw whither war was tending. All knew that the next war, if it set Europe alight, must be infinitely worse than any modern war that has ever been fought. But no nation, if we may judge the main stream of its thought and literature and their issue in its present war-strategy, so deliberately provided for the element of "frightfulness" in "scientific" war or so coldly and deliberately calculated its effect on the sensitive, pacific side of human nature. Look at the series of threats launched at the governors of Belgian and French towns. Reims, for example, was not merely threatened with the loss of her cathedral, which, more than any other public building in Europe, recalls both the infancy and some of the most thrilling episodes in early European civilization. She was told by the German general that if "disorder" occurred, the

town would be "wholly or partially burnt." Or take the case of the Commune of Sissonne and its great treasure of archæology, the beautiful Château de Marchais, belonging to the Prince of Monaco. The German commander discovered that the road from Sissonne to Montaigny had been covered with broken glass, in order to stop the progress of the German automobiles, an obvious means of national defence against a modern invading force. For this crime the Commune was fined £20,000, in default of which both the town and the Château were to be "demolished and burnt." The Commune, unable to pay this sum, appealed to the Prince of Monaco, and from him this blackmail, or the promise of it, was finally extorted. A war thus pursued becomes in its development, not so much the shock of one armed force against another, as an effect of panic directed on a civil population—its habits, traditions, faith, family life, and property—much as a malign tribal god was supposed to direct a storm or an earthquake on the ships and the habitations of the men and women who displeased him.

A characteristic example of the German policy of terror is seen in the mine-sowing tactics of its navy. Here again the German theory of war intervened to give an extra turn of wantonness to its practice. The mine at sea, with its specially horrible, sudden, treacherous, and indiscriminate power of destruction, represents, perhaps, the last word of cruelty in war. But it happened to be especially useful to Germany, as the weapon for a weak naval Power to use against a strong one. The Powers assembled at the Hague might have evolved a very tolerable agreement on mines and also on the use of aviation in war. Germany was not alone to blame for their failure, but, as Lord Loreburn moderately says, "at some points her delegates led the opposition." However, the very weak Convention on mines which was finally signed would at least have provided a large margin of safety for merchant shipping. It forbade the use of unanchored contact mines unless they became harmless within an hour of their release, and of anchored mines which did not become harmless as soon as they had broken loose from their moorings, and it enjoined precautions for the safety of "peaceful shipping." It is unfortunately true that in practice the injunction of the first article of the Convention was weakly qualified by the sixth, which called on belligerents to alter the material of their existing mines "as soon as possible," so as to bring them within the scope of the Convention. Germany has doubtless slipped through this loophole and treated the entire code with contempt. Few of its regulations seem to have been kept. The Atlantic trade route has been strewn with mines. Mines have broken loose and have been exploded by coastguards on our and on the Belgian shores. The "peaceful shipping" of all nations has paid a heavy toll of disaster, while the process of mine-laying has obviously proceeded under the cover of neutral flags.

War, therefore, studied under the all-embracing formula that war-necessity (that is to say, war-passion) knows no superior law of moderation or legality, fully warrants Tennyson's description of the materialist science it embodies as a spawn of devilry. This is the last sophistication of modern man, cut from his deeper roots of "love and faith." The savage mind, even the

self-contradictory medieval mind, could not have conceived anything quite so monstrous. All the nations live more or less under this false law of self-preservation, abandoning their more trustful and humane obligations (such as the Declaration of London) under the stress of the worst example among them. What we complain of Germany is that she has worked at it, in the soldier's arsenal, the chemist's laboratory, the professor's study, even the preacher's pulpit, till it has become for her an insane gospel of sheer destructiveness. She can see nothing higher than it; and she can make us all suffer till she and we are delivered from its body of material and spiritual death.

H. W. M.

TURKEY'S TROJAN HORSE.

THE romantic imagination that lurks in most of us is never so pleased as when it discovers some wholly fortuitous cause for a great event. The most exacting connoisseur of the marvellous ought to be satisfied with the adventures of the "Goeben" and the "Breslau." By what chance or neglect these two German cruisers escaped from the Anglo-French fleet in the Straits of Messina we do not know, but it is this chance which has to-day extended the war to Turkey, and to this chance historians will refer the cataclysmal changes which must probably follow from her defiance of the Allies. On a surface reading of events the chain of causation is quite clear. When these ships reached the Dardanelles as fugitives they found the Turks agitated by two events which had suddenly dashed their hopes of recovering their ancient naval preponderance in the Levant. The United States had just sold a pair of very serviceable warships to Greece, and Britain had compulsorily acquired the two powerful warships which were building for Turkey in England. The Turks were indignant and also alarmed, and since the Greeks, whom they chiefly feared, are partisans of the Triple Entente, they easily persuaded themselves that this double blow was a deliberate act of Christian, or Western, or even Anglo-Saxon, malice. These two German ships seemed to come in this crisis as the gift of destiny, and they were accepted with thoughtless triumph.

Since the Trojan Horse achieved a similar conquest on the other side of these waters, one may doubt whether any international gift has ever been quite so fatal. The German ships were as full of men as the horse, and with the complicity of Enver Bey and a few ardent pro-German soldiers of his school, these German officers have gradually taken command of Turkey by land and sea. The saner Turks went on for some weeks discussing the pros and cons of neutrality as though it were a question which lay with them to decide. On the whole, though there never was a doubt on which side Turkey would fight if she were to fight, we believe that her statesmen, her Sultan, and his heir, wished to observe neutrality. It is true that we in Egypt, and the Russians in the Caucasus, occupy territory which once was Turkish. But it is also true that Turkey is bankrupt, her army still disorganized, her people sighing for peace, and the issue of the European war, to say the least of it, is doubtful. A German victory, if Turkey joined in the war, might

bring her some apparent gain (while threatening and eventually destroying her independence), but the victory of the Allies would menace her with irreparable ruin. While the Turks reasoned in this fashion, the commander of the "Goeben" acted. After his bombardment of Russian ports, we do not see how the Allies could well have demanded less than the dismissal of these German crews and officers. It was none the less in the circumstances an impossible demand. The Turks have no force with which they could deal with the "Goeben." Short of abandoning their capital, they were absolutely at the mercy of her twelve-inch guns. Since the "Argo" went this way before her, no ship has been the centre of a stranger romance.

It is probable enough that Turkey might have remained neutral throughout this war if a torpedo had ended the "Goeben's" career before she reached the Dardanelles. But there are, after all, deeper and more permanent causes for Turkey's intervention in the universal war. Its issue must in any event profoundly affect the destinies of Turkey. Many things are at stake in this war, but first and last and all the time the Empire of the East is at stake. The war began at Belgrade, over the question whether Serbia should remain the auxiliary of Russia or should become the vassal of Austria. In reality that issue opened the whole problem of the Near and Middle East. Vast changes have been postponed for a generation by the sole fact that a sort of equilibrium now friendly, now hostile, obtained between Russia and the German Powers in the East. If the war has any decisive result, that equilibrium will be at an end. In the one event Germany, in the other Russia, will dominate the East from the Adriatic to Bagdad. Turkey could not be indifferent to the result, though she might well dread either alternative. The forward party in Russia has its eyes on Constantinople and Armenia. The Pan-Germans may be innocent of any design to dismember Turkey, but that is only because they hope to swallow her whole—not perhaps to annex, but to drill, to direct, to educate, to colonize, to develop, to exploit her. The choice is not a happy one for Turkey, but of the two evils the Turks prefer the latter. They have the common instinctive horror of amputation, and their hatred of Russia is a secular tradition. If the victory of the Entente presents itself to Turkish eyes primarily as a victory for Russia, we must not feel surprised. Alliances are commonly worked on some rough basis of a demarcation of spheres, and everyone in the East—Bulgarians, Turks, and Persians—long ago came to the conclusion that in their part of the world Russia is the dominant partner. Our Embassy in Constantinople, under the late Ambassador, contrived very rapidly to alienate the Young Turks, gave its confidence to rivals who had no future, and lost the chance of influencing the policy of this party, which, with all its later follies and vagaries, had for a time a tendency towards progress which we might have guided and fostered. There were reasons for the modesty of British policy in the East; we need not discuss them. The consequence, which probably followed inevitably from the whole trend of our world-policy, is to-day that Turkey has to choose between Russia and Germany, and

no longer looks to us with any assurance as an independent moderating influence.

The future of this Eastern conflict depends as much on diplomacy as on arms. It should be easier now to arrange the outline of the Balkan settlement than it was while Turkey kept the peace. Greece may hope now for some gains at the expense of Turkey; but it ought to be, and doubtless is, the settled policy of the Entente that neither Serbia nor Greece must expect to gain anything in any settlement which follows an Allied victory until the wrongs done to Bulgaria are generously repaired. She must have the Bulgarian regions of Macedonia, and she ought to have her port on the Ægean. For our part we repeat our former suggestion that British policy might solve the whole problem by presenting Cyprus to Greece, as Gladstone gave back the Ionian Isles, on condition that the reasonable claims of Bulgaria are satisfied. We have never made any use of this island; its Greek population would naturally prefer Greek rule; it was taken by Disraeli only as a sort of fee for opposing Russia. Our formal annexation of it this week leaves us free to dispose of it as we choose. By giving it up, we might win both Greece and Bulgaria, and heal the worst of the feuds that menace the East. But the less we scheme for the partition of Turkey the less shall we have to regret. Our central purpose in this war and in the settlement which follows it must be to remove the causes of war, and to prepare for general disarmament. There may be changes in the East which would further that end—even, it may be, large changes. But if we and our Allies were to go to work with dreams of conquest, assigning Constantinople to one and Syria to another, the war would be the latest but probably not the last of the many wars which have changed our frontiers and left us our resentments and our greeds. For our part, if we were to give the rein to fancy, we would rather see Turkey reformed by an honest and effective international control than see her partitioned. We would rather see the superb city of Constantinople a free and neutral international territory, with the incidental result of opening the Straits to Russia, than the spoil of a conquering Empire. The Power which dreams of conquest (in the sense of the subjugation of any alien race) departs from the spirit and meaning of this war, and destroys one militarism only to create another. It may be a gain to mankind that Turkey has, by coming into the field, brought her Empire within the scope of the settlement. It will be a gain, if we approach the task with the single thought of benefiting her many races, and securing the world's peace.

SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' RIGHTS.

THERE is a very simple question awaiting the decision of the Government, but the deliberations have taken a long time, and there are disquieting rumors about their probable result. The question is this: Ought the wounded and disabled soldiers and sailors, and ought the widows and dependents of the soldiers and sailors who are killed, to be left to depend on charity and the Poor Law?

Some persons say that they should. They do not say this outright, but they say that the pensions given should

be so small that they will leave the victims of the war in this predicament. Different reasons are given for this conclusion. In some quarters it is argued that the nation cannot afford to give such pensions as will preserve their independence. In others, that it would be demoralizing to a soldier's widow to find that she could live without working or begging. Elsewhere, the two arguments are combined. If the Government take this view they will propose a small addition to existing pensions. But they must do more than this. Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George must make another series of recruiting speeches. They must then say from the platform: "Men of England, men of Scotland, men of Ireland, men of Wales, your country needs you! You are to serve her not in the House of Commons, not in a Government office, not in a Government workshop, but in the trenches. Your business is to stand under fire without flinching, to charge with the bayonet when you are told, to face death, disease, the agonies of wounds, cold, and hardships. To brave men like you this is a light sacrifice for the causes that depend on you. But there is something else I have to tell you. It is this. If you die, as many of you will, your mothers and your wives and your children will not have enough to live on unless they are helped by charitable persons or societies or the Poor Law Guardians. They will exist on sufferance. They will take their chance of charity or an odd job. They will, no doubt, be content with the memory of your courage and the satisfaction of knowing that as a result of that courage the comfortable classes in this country are still comfortable, and that the nation, though poorer, is still able to maintain the prestige of riches and property. They will know, too—none better—that if they had enough to live on, they would spend it in drink or waste it in some other way, whereas the rich only care about having money to spend because they spend it in ways that help the poor." That is the speech that must be made to clerks, miners, artisans, potters, and all the others who swell our new army.

Other persons—and we believe they are the great majority—answer the question in the contrary sense. They say that the nation owes no debt that is more pressing than its debt to the men who come forward to defend it on the sea or in the trenches; that if anybody is to be relegated to the Poor Law or to charitable societies, the families of our defenders ought to be, not the first, but the last to be consigned to that fate, that if the choice is between taxing the surplus wealth of the country to its last penny and punishing women and children for the heroism of their fathers and husbands and sons, the Minister who chooses the second is false, not merely to every principle of democracy, but to the good name of the nation. To such people it would seem in particular an outrage if this injustice were inflicted on soldiers and sailors by a Government which took office with a determination to remove injustice, to attack poverty, to distribute the burdens of social life more fairly, and to rescue the victims of misfortune from the shadow of the Poor Law. For such a Government to tell the nation that every man who goes into battle is to be made to feel that he is not only to risk his life and limbs, but that he is to expose

his wife and his children to destitution and degradation, would be to give the lie to everything it has preached and promised since it came into existence. For this reason, we refuse to credit the rumor that the Government are going to propose a pension of 6s. 6d. to a widow without children. Such a proposal is inconceivable.

There is another consideration which has a direct bearing on the treatment of this question. It is sometimes said that a Government should buy its labor on the best and cheapest terms it can secure. This principle is not rigidly followed in the payment of Ministers and high officials. Otherwise, the President of the Board of Agriculture would not receive less than half the salary of the President of the Local Government Board. It is formally repudiated in the regulations governing contracts. But if even this obsolete and inhuman standard is to be applied in this case, it surely demands the provision of decent pensions. We want men, and there is no reason for supposing that the need for reinforcements will cease in the near future. Some people propose to raise this army by conscription, but everybody knows that it is easier to get a good army of the kind we want without it, and that, as any one who has visited a recruiting camp knows, we are getting, as a free-willing offering, the finest manhood in the nation. The first step to obtaining such an army is the announcement that the nation asks of its soldiers and sailors nothing but their lives, and that those who are maimed, and those who lose husband, or father, or son will be treated as children of the State, and not as refugees or outcasts in their own country.

THE SURPRISE ON THE PACIFIC.

WE confess to being rather dismayed by the naval action off the Chilean coast. Until further is known about it—and all we have so far is the German account and many conflicting cables from America—it would be rash, perhaps, to pronounce judgment. But one fact is beyond question. The German cruisers at large in the Pacific, for the news of whose capture and destruction we have been patiently yet confidently waiting for many weeks, have brought the British pursuing fleet to action and worsted it. The engagement took place on Sunday last, sixty miles from the Chilean coast, near the port of Coronel. Next day the German cruisers, "Scharnhorst," "Gneisenau," and "Nürnberg" entered Valparaiso and revictualled. They left the same night, with the intention of intercepting an incoming British merchant-steamer. Evidently, the German commander was then quite easy in his mind about the British squadron. He had disposed of the menace and was free to resume his raiding. The essence of naval strategy is to force your opponent into action under circumstances favorable to yourself. Quite clearly that is what the commander of the German cruisers has succeeded in doing; and we may pay tribute to his skill. In some respects, and on another scale, it was the Heligoland Bight affair over again, but with the tables turned. The Germans had a distinct superiority in fighting power—a superiority that we ought not to have allowed them to possess. They

had also a distinct advantage in armament. For their displacement the "Gneisenau" and "Scharnhorst" are very heavily armed. They each carry eight 8.2 inch and six 5.9 inch guns. Against this armament there were, it is true, the two 9-inch guns of the "Good Hope," but otherwise the main batteries of the two British vessels consisted of 6-inch guns—fourteen on the "Monmouth" and sixteen on the "Good Hope." "If the 'Good Hope,'" an American naval expert remarks, "had carried fourteen 9-inch guns, the story might have ended in a different manner." As it was, the British squadron was outmatched in range and weight of broadside. Under such circumstances British superiority in marksmanship could be of little avail. Though classed as an armored cruiser, the "Monmouth" had a very thin armor protection, only 4-inches thick over her vital parts. According to one account, perhaps imaginative, the German shells tore through her sides "like so much tin." That the "Monmouth" was sunk with the loss of all hands, may be taken for granted. The Germans say that the "Good Hope" and the "Glasgow" were badly damaged, but the evidence is conflicting. At all events, no information has yet been received of the "Good Hope" entering a Chilean port, and we must, we are afraid, assume the worst. We may imagine, if we please, that the "Good Hope" has preferred to run for safety rather than run the risk of being shut up and interned in a Chilean harbor for the rest of the war, but that seems to us a profitless kind of guesswork, against all the probabilities of the situation. Nor does there appear good ground for the Admiralty's suggestion that the smaller German cruisers, the "Leipzig" and the "Dresden" have been sunk. We make little more of the Admiralty's reference to the "Canopus." This battleship had been sent out, it is stated, "to strengthen Admiral Cradock's squadron," and attention is drawn to the fact that no mention is made in the German reports of her presence in the action, which, it is added, would have given Admiral Cradock "a decided superiority." Are we to understand that the "Canopus" was, in fact, present? If so, what became of the "decided superiority"? The "Canopus" is an old-fashioned battleship, and no doubt her two 12-inch guns and twelve 6-inch guns would have turned the scale. But she is very slow, having attained only 18½ knots on her first trials. Her speed to-day cannot be more than 16 or 17 knots, and it is hard to see how she can play her proper part in a flying squadron of swift 23 or 24 knot vessels. The united strength of the British and Japanese fleets in the Pacific is, of course, overwhelming, and it occurs to us that the bombardment of Tsingtau is of less importance than the keeping clear of the Pacific trade routes. What is astonishing, is the exact knowledge that the Germans evidently possessed of the distribution of our ships in the Pacific.

In home waters the war still continues to be an affair mainly of mines and submarines. If the war has taught us anything, it is that any country, even Holland, can render itself inviolable from the sea by the use of these under-water weapons. Incidentally, the German High Seas fleet virtually ceases to have any justification as an instrument of defence. The British fleet, with a mighty

world-empire and half the world's shipping to protect, is in a different case, and from the first day of the war it has performed its task to perfection. It was a disquieting discovery that the Germans had laid a mine-field at the entrance to the North Channel, one of our principal trade routes. This diabolical act—the trans-Atlantic liner "Olympic," loaded with passengers, for example, barely escaped disaster—must have been done, if not by neutral ships, at all events under a neutral flag. Drastic measures were obviously necessary, and were at once taken. A barrier was drawn from the Hebrides through the Faroes, to Iceland, past which neutral ships have been warned that they will pass "at their peril." A mine-barrier between the Goodwins and the Schelde estuary bars off the southern entrance to the North Sea. We have not technically established a blockade, nor have we closed the North Sea in any sense against neutral commerce. We have rather set up a sort of convoy system. Henceforth merchant vessels trading to Norway, Sweden, and Denmark will have to pass through the Downs and the Thames estuary, then up the east coast to Northumberland, and thence across the North Sea to the coast of Norway. Every neutral ship will therefore come under our surveillance. A repetition of the North Channel outrage has been made impossible. The diversion of trade is a slight inconvenience in comparison with the security that is granted to neutral commerce by this system.

The changes at the Admiralty following the resignation of Prince Louis of Battenberg are of the most significant kind. Lord Fisher becomes First Sea Lord, Sir Percy Scott has been summoned for "special service," and Sir Arthur Wilson has been called in too, to give the Admiralty the benefit of his unrivalled gifts in seamanship. These are the men whose brains have made the navy of to-day. Lord Fisher is the St. Vincent of this war. As St. Vincent forged the splendid instrument that Nelson used, so Lord Fisher has made the instrument for Admiral Jellicoe. His reign at the Admiralty was a complete re-creation of the British Navy, and, as the British Navy sets the fashion for all the world, a complete re-creation in organization, method, equipment, and strategy. From him and from men of his school have come the Dreadnought, the adoption of oil fuel, the advance of the submarine and the mine-layer, and the development of wireless telegraphy. He is the most vigorous and creative mind that our Navy has had for a century. Sir Percy Scott is a man of the same original intellectual type. He used to be known to us primarily as a gunnery expert, and gave to our navy its wonderful supremacy in that art. He was the advocate of the all-big-gun battleship in its day, but he was the first to say that its day was past. So fresh and free is his mind that he was able to throw over all prepossessions, to adapt himself to new developments, and think out new theories, when only a few months before the outbreak of war he proclaimed the triumph of the submarine over the battleship. This view of his is not orthodox, nor even generally accepted, but it shows that he has given all his mind to the problems created by these new weapons, and if only for that reason, he will be invaluable.

THE EASTERN DIVERSION.

THIS war, which will be known among all others in history as the European War, broke the peace of Asia and Africa many a long week ago. Were it not that a political issue is involved in the South African rebellion, these colonial campaigns would be unimportant. They cannot affect the decision, and save as a means of using local forces which cannot be transferred promptly to Europe, they would not be easy to justify on strategical grounds. It is otherwise with the new diversion in the Near East. It has a real military importance, and the raising of it must be reckoned as a success for German strategy. Germany has contrived to distract the attention of two of the Allies by bringing Turkey into the field, and she will engage appreciable numbers of our forces without risking anything of her own. Nor will it greatly matter to her what the local result may be. The Turks may be heavily beaten, but they will still keep our forces employed. So much, indeed, was attained merely by the equivocal armed neutrality of Turkey, which obliged both us and the Russians to keep valuable forces in the East. There are, however, obvious limits to the possible success of this diversion. If the worst came to the worst, it would not seriously embarrass the Russians even if the Turks were capable of a victorious invasion of the Caucasus. It is elsewhere that the Turkish blows might be serious. If the Turco-German fleet were able to establish its supremacy in the Black Sea, it might cause heavy injury to Russia in her southern ports. Or, again, if the Turks could seize the Suez Canal, they would inflict on us an injury which, in spite of our preoccupation in Europe, we must and can prevent.

There are two possible ways of dealing with such a situation as this. The easier, and the more obvious, is to defend the threatened points. The other course would be to strike a prompt and crushing blow at the centre of Turkish power. If the Allies had their hands free, or if the aid of the Balkan States could be called in, it is certainly this latter strategy which would be followed. If a Russian army could be landed in Thrace while the Allied fleets dealt with the forts of the Dardanelles, Turkey might be brought to sue for peace in a few weeks. The same result would follow if either the Bulgarian or the Greek army were fighting on the side of the Allies. Such heroic plans must be dismissed. Russia has yet to win command of the Black Sea, and she has no forces to spare for a landing in Thrace. No part of this bold strategy seems feasible at the moment, unless indeed the Allied Fleets should discover, after long range bombardments of the Dardanelles, that its narrows might be forced without a prohibitive loss. It remains then to reply to the two Turkish threats against the Caucasus and Egypt. Russia has a considerable force available for the former enterprise, and though the Armenian plateau, rail-less, snow-clad, and nearly roadless, is difficult ground for a campaign, there need be no anxiety about the result. A flanking march is possible through North-West Persia, and it is hardly likely that the Turks will do better to-day against the Russians than they did two years ago against the Bulgarians. The disorganization and want of training

which they revealed then was far too serious to be cured by German leadership now. The Turks, moreover, dare not speculate too far on the neutrality of the Balkan States, and can detach only limited forces for the campaigns upon their frontiers.

The Turkish forces available for a march on Egypt seem to be at the most two army corps, composed mainly of Syrians, with Bedouin auxiliaries. These are not the best Turkish forces, and they probably number less than 60,000 men. The Sinai peninsula has been crossed, time after time, by most of the great soldiers of the East, but the Suez Canal is a new obstacle which none of them had to encounter. With the marshes at the Port Said end and the lakes, the front to be defended can hardly be thirty miles long, and its various sections are connected by rail and by the waterway of the canal itself. It will be an amphibious battle, not merely because it should be possible to use the guns of warships for indirect fire over the banks of the canal itself, but also because the roads which the invaders must traverse are exposed at two vital points to bombardment from the sea. The better southern route is so exposed at Akaba, where it enters Sinai, and the fort at this place has already been destroyed by the "Minerva." The northern route is also exposed at El Arish, where one of the few wells in its course is to be found. The problem of defending Egypt from a Turkish invasion has been carefully studied since the building of the railway to Maan, and the Tabah incident in 1906. The lack of water in Sinai is a fatal obstacle to the march of a really formidable force with heavy artillery and adequate transport, and the chances are that the canal can be defended with ease by much inferior numbers. The position would become anxious only if there were a danger of an attack from an Egyptian army in the rear of the defenders of the canal. That, however, is out of the question. Moslems differ from Christians in nothing so much as their prejudice against fratricidal war, but the Egyptian fellahin detest the Turks, and Egyptian armies invaded both Turkey and Arabia under Mehemet Ali. The news as to the attitude of the Egyptian troops is most reassuring. On the whole, we are not disposed to regard the Eastern diversion as a serious addition to the anxieties of the Allies.

In the two main theatres, meanwhile, the week has seen no substantial changes. The fighting in the west has been perhaps the most determined and the most murderous of the whole war. The official "Eye-witness" has given us some graphic descriptions of the "super-human courage" of the German attack, delivered by half-trained levies of youths, and of the hideous slaughter which was the reward of these repeated frontal attacks by serried masses of men. But all this carnage has brought no decision, and the losses on our own side have been only less terrible than those which the Germans have suffered. One gain we can register. The flooding of the ground on the left bank of the Yser has stopped the chance of a German success in that quarter. We said ourselves, two weeks ago (and others said it still more emphatically), that the Germans were making a mistake to dissipate their efforts. If that was so, the check to their advance along the coast is not an unmixed gain.

It means that the attack between Ypres and Lille, or lower down near Lille and Arras, will be pressed with the more violence. Furious and continuous it has been, and only the steady coming up of reinforcements—British, Indian, and French—has enabled the Allies to repulse it.

All the appearances suggest that the enemy is still making his principal effort in the west. He has abandoned the offensive in Poland after a brief and far from glorious effort. The inference is, we think, that he is still bent on compelling a decision in the west, that he is still directing the main flow of his reinforcements thither, and that he will be content, for some time to come, to delay the Russian advance. It is possible that he may for some months be able to follow this strategy without disaster. The Russians have done well in the open field, but a different task awaits them when they reach the permanent German lines along the Warta. There the superiority of the German artillery will tell, and the Germans have their own admirable railway system behind them, while the Russians have only the inadequate Polish system, which the Germans have thoroughly damaged. Nor can the Russians go very far without clearing their flanks. They must advance again in East Prussia, and they must drive back the Austrians to Cracow. All this will take time, and may well occupy the winter. We can expect no early relaxation in the western campaign. The brunt of the battle will still fall on the forces under General Joffre and General French. They are bearing the strain with superb endurance, but no anxiety about the remote risk of an invasion of our own shores ought to delay the continuous dispatch of reinforcements.

OPEN LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.*

SIR,—I petition you to invite the Neutral Powers to confer with the United States of America for the purpose of requesting Britain, France, and Germany to withdraw from the soil of Belgium and fight out their quarrel on their own territories. However the sympathies of the neutral States may be divided, and whatever points now at issue between the belligerent Powers may be doubtful, there is one point on which there can be neither division nor doubt, and that is that the belligerent armies have no right to be in Belgium, much less to fight in Belgium, and involve the innocent inhabitants of that country in their reciprocal slaughter. You will not question my right to address this petition to you. You are the official head of the nation that is beyond all question or comparison the chief of the Neutral Powers, marked out from all the rest by commanding magnitude, by modern democratic constitution, and by freedom from the complication of monarchy and its traditions, which have led Europe into the quaint absurdity of a war waged formally between the German Kaiser, the German Tsar, the German King of the Belgians, the German King of England, the German Emperor of Austria, and a gentleman who shares with you the distinction of not being related to any of them, and is therefore describable monarchically as one Poincaré, a Frenchman.

I make this petition on its merits, without claiming

any representative character except such as attaches to me as a human being. Nobody here has asked me to do it. Except among the large class of constitutional beggars, the normal English feeling is that it is no use asking for a thing if you feel certain that it will be refused, and are not in a position to enforce compliance. Also, that the party whose request is refused and not enforced looks ridiculous. Many Englishmen will say that a request to the belligerents to evacuate Belgium forthwith would be refused; could not be enforced; and would make the asker ridiculous. We are, in short, not a prayerful nation. But to you it will be clear that even the strongest Power, or even allied group of Powers, can have its position completely changed by an expression of the public opinion of the rest of the world. In your clear western atmosphere and in your peculiarly responsible position as the head centre of western democracy, you, when the European situation became threatening three months ago, must have been acutely aware of the fact to which Europe was so fatally blind: namely, that the simple solution of the difficulty in which the menace of the Franco-Russo-British Entente placed Germany was for the German Emperor to leave his western frontier under the safeguard of the neighborliness and good faith of American, British, and French Democracy, and then await quite calmly any action that Russia might take against his country on the east. Had he done so, we could not have attacked him from behind; and had France made such an attack—and it is in the extreme degree improbable that French public opinion would have permitted such a hazardous and unjustifiable adventure—he would at worst have confronted it with the fullest sympathy of Britain and the United States, and at best with their active assistance. Unhappily, German kings do not allow Democracy to interfere in their foreign policy; do not believe in neighborliness; and do believe in cannon and cannon-fodder. The Kaiser never dreamt of confiding his frontier to you and to the humanity of his neighbors. And the diplomatists of Europe never thought of that easy and right policy, and could not suggest any substitute for it, with the hideous result which is before you.

Now that this mischief has been done, and the two European thunderclouds have met and are discharging their lightnings, it is not for me to meddle with the question whether the United States should take a side in their warfare as far as it concerns themselves alone. But I may plead for a perfectly innocent neutral State, the State of Belgium, which is being ravaged in a horrible manner by the belligerents. Her surviving population is flying into all the neighboring countries to escape from the incessant hail of shrapnel and howitzer shells from British cannon, French cannon, German cannon, and, most tragic of all, Belgian cannon; for the Belgian army is being forced to devastate its own country in its own defence.

For this there can be no excuse; and at such a horror the rest of the world cannot look on in silence without incurring the guilt of the bystander who witnesses a crime without even giving the alarm. I grant that Belgium, in her extreme peril, made one mistake. She called to her aid the Powers of the Entente alone instead of calling

on the whole world of kindly men. She should have called on America, too; and it is hard to see how you could in honor have disregarded that call. But if Belgium says nothing, but only turns her eyes dumbly towards you whilst you look at the red ruin in which her villages, her heaps of slain, her monuments and treasures, are being hurled by her friends and enemies alike, are you any the less bound to speak out than if Belgium had asked you to send her a million soldiers?

Not for a moment do I suggest that your intervention should be an intervention on behalf of either the Allies or the Entente. If you consider both sides equally guilty, we know that you can find reasons for that verdict. But Belgium is innocent; and it is on behalf of Belgium that so much of the world as is still at peace is waiting for a lead from you. No other question need be prejudged. If Germany maintains her claim to a right of way through Belgium on a matter which she believed (however erroneously) to be one of life and death to her as a nation, nobody, not even China, now pretends that such rights of way have not their place among those common human rights which are superior to the more artificial rights of nationality. I think, for example, that if Russia made a descent on your continent under circumstances which made it essential to the maintenance of your national freedom that you should move an army through Canada, you would ask our leave to do so, and take it by force if we did not grant it. You may reasonably suspect, even if all our statesmen raise a shriek of denial, that we should take a similar liberty under similar circumstances in the teeth of all the scraps of paper in our Foreign Office dustbin. You see, I am frank with you, and fair, I hope, to Germany. But a right of way is not a right of conquest; and even the right of way was not, as the Imperial Chancellor imagined, a matter of life and death at all, but a militarist hallucination, and one that has turned out, so far, a military mistake. In short, there was no such case of overwhelming necessity as would have made the denial of a right of way to the German army equivalent to a refusal to save German independence from destruction, and therefore to an act of war against her, justifying a German conquest of Belgium. You can therefore leave the abstract question of international rights of way quite unprejudiced by your action. You can leave every question between the belligerents fully open, and yet, in the common interest of the world, ask Germany to clear out of Belgium, into France or across the Channel into England if she can, back home if she can force no other passage, but at all events out of Belgium. A like request would, of course, be addressed to Britain and to France at the same time. The technical correctness of our diplomatic position as to Belgium may be unimpeachable; but as the effect of our shells on Belgium is precisely the same as that of the German shells, and as by fighting on Belgian soil we are doing her exactly the same injury that we should have done her if the violation of her neutrality had been initiated by us instead of by Germany, we could not decently refuse to fall in with a general evacuation.

At all events, your intervention could not fail to produce at least the result that even if the belligerents refused to comply, your request would leave them in an

entirely new and very unpleasant relation to public opinion. No matter how powerful a State is, it is not above feeling the vast difference between doing something that nobody condemns and something that everybody condemns except the interested parties.

That difference alone would be well worth your pains. But it is by no means a foregone conclusion that a blank refusal would be persisted in. Germany must be aware that the honor of England is now so bound up with the complete redemption of Belgium from the German occupation that to keep Antwerp and Brussels she must take Portsmouth and London. France is no less deeply engaged. You can judge better than I what chance Germany now has, or can persuade herself she has, of exhausting or overwhelming her western enemies without ruining herself in the attempt. Whatever else the war and its horrors may have done or not done, you will agree with me that it has made an end of the dreams of military and naval steam-rolling in which the whole wretched business began. At a cost which the conquest of a whole continent would hardly justify, these terrible armaments and the heroic hosts which wield them push one another a few miles back and forward in a month, and take and retake some miserable village three times over in less than a week. Can you doubt that though we have lost all fear of being beaten (our darkened towns, and the panics of our papers, with their endless scares and silly inventions, are mere metropolitan hysteria), we are getting very tired of a war in which, having now re-established our old military reputation, and taught the Germans that there is no future for their Empire without our friendship and that of France, we have nothing more to gain? In London and Paris and Berlin nobody at present dares say "Sirs, ye are brethren; why do ye wrong one to another?"; for the slightest disposition towards a Christian view of things is regarded as a shooting matter in these capitals; but Washington is still privileged to talk common humanity to the nations.

Finally, I may remind you of another advantage which your aloofness from the conflict gives you. Here, in England and in France, men are going to the front every day; their women and children are all within ear-shot; and no man is hard-hearted enough to say the worst that might be said of what is going on in Belgium now. We talk to you of Louvain and Reims in the hope of enlisting you on our side or prejudicing you against the Germans, forgetting how sorely you must be tempted to say as you look on at what we are doing, "Well, if European literature, as represented by the library of Louvain, and European religion, as represented by the Cathedral of Reims, have not got us beyond this, in God's name let them perish." I am thinking of other things: of the honest Belgians, whom I have seen nursing their wounds, and whom I recognize at a glance as plain men, innocent of all warlike intentions, trusting to the wisdom and honesty of the rulers and diplomatists who have betrayed them, taken from their farms and their businesses to destroy and be destroyed for no good purpose that might not have been achieved better and sooner by neighborly means. I am thinking of the authentic news that no papers dare publish, not of the lies that they all publish to divert attention from the truth. In America

these things can be said without driving American mothers and wives mad: here, we have to set our teeth and go forward. We cannot be just: we cannot see beyond the range of our guns. The roar of the shrapnel deafens us; the black smoke of the howitzer blinds us; and what these do to our bodily senses our passions do to our imaginations. For justice, we must do as the medieval cities did: call in a stranger. You are not altogether that to us; but you can look at all of us impartially. And you are the spokesman of Western Democracy. That is why I appeal to you.

G. BERNARD SHAW.

[*We are glad to publish Mr. Shaw's brilliant appeal to the President of the United States, because we believe that *when* the time for settlement arrives, the influence of America will be a powerful, perhaps a decisive, factor in obtaining it. We agree, too, with him that while she is not likely to respond to an appeal to intervene on the side of the Entente or the Alliance, the case of Belgium, the innocent victim of the war, is bound to find her in a very different mood. The States are already Belgium's almoner; it is only a step further for them to come in as her savior. But on a vital point we disagree with Mr. Shaw. His Irish mind puts the case with an indifference to which we cannot pretend. We have got to save Western Europe from a victory of Prussian militarism, as well as to avenge Belgium and set her on her feet again. We regard the temper and policy revealed in Germany's violation of Belgium soil and her brutalization of the Belgian people as essential to our judgment of this war and its end. And we dare not concede an inch to Mr. Shaw's "right of way" theory. His distinction between a "right of way" and a "right of conquest" has no practical effect other than to extinguish the rights of small nationalities as against great ones, who alone have the power to take a "right of way" when it is refused, and afterwards to turn it into a right of conquest. Germany's action was not only a breach of her own treaty (only revealed within a few hours of its execution), but of Article I. of the Hague Convention on the rights of neutral Powers:

"THE TERRITORY OF NEUTRAL POWERS IS INVIOABLE."

It is not therefore a small thing that Germany has ripped clean through the whole fabric of the Hague Conventions of 1907. Could the American Government, aware of that fact, address herself to intervention on the Belgian question without regard to the breaches of international law which were perpetrated, first, through the original German invasion of Belgium, and then in the conduct of the campaign in that country?—ED., NATION.]

A London Diary.

ENVER and Liman Pashas have got their will, and Turkey has gone in, having got the balance of the four millions of money which Germany promised her. Her hesitation was such that I am told that after the bombardments the Grand Council unanimously revoked the decision to go to war. If she now wages it with a

united front, it will be because the Young Turks are much stronger than they have been at any time since they came to power and have overcome old Turkish hatred of their scepticism, their contempt for pious usage (their leaders, were in the habit of eating and drinking openly during the fasting month of Ramadan), and their cynical modernism. For their pro-Germanism they are not altogether to blame. We might have captured them in the first enthusiasm for revolution, when Abdul was trembling in his palace and bands of Young Turks were marching to our Embassy waving the Union Jack, and burning to serenade our Ambassador, who didn't trouble to leave his quarters at Therapia. Our diplomacy pays for these little negligencies, and the recapture of Turkey by Germany is part of the price.

WITH Turkey at war, Bulgaria comes into the front of the picture. I don't believe that, in spite of the pro-Austrian Ferdinand and his Government, she has the smallest intention of taking sides with the Turk. But there is neutrality and neutrality, and she may choose one or the other. Who does not sympathize with her? She has the best case, not for compensation but for rectifying justice, that any of the Balkan States can present. She has been robbed of Adrianople. That she can dispense with, and it would be useless to offer her now what she does not want and what we allowed her to lose. She is thinking of her port in the Ægean, and much more of her ruined schools and villages and alienated people in Macedonia. For that she blames Serbia first and Russia afterwards, and us, too, a little. Serbia is said to be quite impracticable, but what right has she to resist the pressure of her great Allies? If they lose, she loses, and it is surely a matter of some importance to bar the Turkish army's road to Europe. Russia, a little late in the day, is modifying her anti-Bulgarianism; and there is good reason to hope that we have gone a step further still.

UNLESS we are all very much in a state of self-deception, the truth about the western war is better rather than worse than the official accounts allow us to believe. I think the directors of the two armies agree that the German offensive is steadily dying down, and that at the present rate of weakening, and reckoning for the rather swift discouragement which is a sign of the neo-German temperament when things go wrong, a general retirement to the Sambre should be a natural and an early fruit. Some disparity of numbers in favor of the German Army one may suppose there has been, balanced by a better quality of reserves on the side of the Allies, and certainly a more dexterous, more brilliant, use of them. Two facts seem symptomatic, the extreme youth of many of the German prisoners, and the accounts (which are true) of not inconsiderable desertions to Holland. Of the state of German opinion one hears every kind of contradictory account. The directing classes seem solid, the mass not seriously shaken in their support of the war, the Socialists undeclared. I am told there have been serious strike troubles in Westphalia, but the experts look for no vital dislocation of the social structure before the spring, when they prophesy it rather confidently.

It is not so much discouragement about the work of the Navy that one wants to avoid as the failure to set that work in due proportion. It is, of course, useless to pretend that all was right with an action like that off the Chilean coast, in which a weaker, worse-gunned squadron let itself be caught and engaged with a larger and stronger one. Suffice it to say that such a mishap could only have come about as the result of the neglect of one of the most imperative of Lord Fisher's strategic rules. Lord Fisher himself is now in direction, and Sir Arthur Wilson, the first living master of naval seamanship, is at hand to help. The Pacific engagement is virtually a resultless affair, and how does it look, even when coupled with the loss of half-a-dozen old boats—the "Hermes" was hardly a fighting ship at all—compared with the hidden issues of the naval war? We have stopped the whole volume of German imports as carried in German ships, and have searched and largely stopped that trade as sustained in neutral ships. Incidents have occurred to qualify our pride and keep our naval direction on the stretch to maintain the highest attainable degree of skill and prevision. Nothing more.

I HAVE received a copy of the paper "La Roumanie" containing an article on the attempted assassination of the Buxton brothers. My readers will be interested in the following tribute:—

"These Englishmen, who represent so well the spirit of justice and of courage which distinguishes the greatest nation of the world, yesterday paid the price of their devotion to the cause of the emancipation of the Balkan peoples and of the maintenance of peace between them.

"The assassin (who is evidently only a paid agent) did in fact give it as the explanation of his crime, that the Buxton brothers were working to prevent the monstrous and unnatural alliance of Turkey and Bulgaria against the other Balkan peoples. . . . We offer to the Buxton brothers our deepest respect and our deepest regret that a barbarian should have dishonored our country, and taken advantage of the enormous crowds collected on the day of the Royal funeral, to perpetrate such a crime."

ANATOLE FRANCE's offer of military service has not been accepted. It was the fruit of the very cruel attacks which were made upon him because of the sentence in his fine letter on Reims Cathedral in which he suggested that the day might come when France might offer her friendship to a "defeated" Germany. This roused an outcry, and then France, in sorrow and indignation, offered himself as a recruit. But he could not pass the medical examination, and was finally asked to co-operate in the national defence by writing articles for "Le Bulletin des Armées de la République."

HERE is a frivolous story of the Kaiser. It seems that his motor-car was captured in one of the Polish engagements, and one of his attendants in it. This gentleman was of so magnificent an appearance and uniform that he was taken for William himself, and an urgent message was dispatched to Petrograd, asking for instructions as to the disposal of the illustrious captive. "In Heaven's name, send him back again," was the reply.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

SOLDIERS' WIVES AND THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

NOR the least interesting chapter in Mr. Graham Wallas's powerful analysis of "The Great Society" is that in which he discusses the poverty of our civilization in respect of the organization of Happiness. Certain classes are, indeed, more amply endowed with the opportunities of travel, culture, social intercourse, and the rich and various play of mind and fancy than any set of men and women in the history of the world. The Courts of the Renaissance, or the life of the eighteenth-century aristocracies of England and France did not present a more generous scope to the tastes and pleasures of a developed and cultivated society than the lavish world of the modern rich. But for the mass of the society that is capable of such astonishing efforts in making and in destroying wealth social life is remarkably bare and poor. A century or more ago those who questioned the general optimism of the upper classes, fascinated by the striking triumphs of the new economic machine, lamented the social customs and amenities that were fast disappearing with the new village and the new industry. We are gradually rescuing more and more of the daylight from the factory and the shop; but, as Mr. Wallas shows, the organization of the opportunities of social life, in the special difficulties of the modern world, is still of the rudest kind. The economic motive is languid and feeble here. The railway companies have done something for country walking, but there was no economic stimulus behind the principal success of our time, the Boy Scout movement. It is not least on this side of our life, as he points out, that the Workers' Educational Association and the Women's Co-operative Guild may take a leading part in developing and inventing new resources.

The war has brought us up sharply against the difficulties created by a social system that disregards some of the most urgent of the needs of men and women. Nowhere is this instinct balked and starved more generally than among women, and Mr. Graham Wallas gives some particularly interesting and pathetic evidence of the results in the facts about women's employment, and the non-economic motives that govern the minds of the majority of women wage-earners. A more direct and immediate consequence is before the public mind at this moment, when newspapers are discussing the melancholy increase of drinking among the wives of soldiers and sailors. As soon as we think for a moment of the circumstances of these women we see that the force that drives them to this habit is almost irresistible. An excitement and interest has gone out of their lives. There is no longer the business of preparing for the return of the husband. The husband may be good or bad, cruel or kind, drunken or sober, but he is, in all cases, an immensely important part of the life of the home. When he is gone, the "lonesomeness" is intensified. There is little to occupy the mind. A case that came before the notice of the writer the other day provides an apt illustration. A soldier's wife, finding the tedium insupportable, sent her child to a crèche and went out to work. She was only induced to take her child back when somebody asked how she would feel if her husband returned to find his child dead. And if an interest has gone out of life, making the home routine lonely and monotonous, another interest has entered, making the public-house almost indispensable. What would life be at this moment to people of other classes if they could not get the war news constantly and regularly, if they could not discuss it with others sharing their public and private anxieties and

griefs, if they could not explore and pursue all the emotions that belong to the most terrible and extraordinary experience of their lives? The public-house draws the private soldier's wife as his club draws the officer's father, and the chief difference between the two is that if a woman spends some hours in a public-house it is almost impossible for her not to drink to excess, whereas a man can spend a whole day in his club without drinking at all.

There are many persons ready at any moment to decide on the first impression without examining the circumstances, and certain magistrates who are apt to speak before thinking have proposed that women should be excluded from public-houses, and that cases in which women are spending their separation allowances on drink should be notified to the War Office. The first proposal is nothing less than the setting up of a fresh arbitrary inequality between the sexes; the second means that whereas the general receives his salary without any State inspection of the way in which his wife spends it, in the case of the private soldier the State claims the right to control the spending of the money that it pays out as salary. Discrimination between the sexes and discrimination between the classes is carried to surprising lengths in this country without great evidence of popular impatience, but we doubt whether this crude tyranny would be tolerated. Surely the true remedy is to be found in satisfying the instincts that can only be satisfied now in a form of mutual entertainment that is full of danger. Not one person in ten of the classes that are shaking their heads over the profligate habits of soldiers' wives would keep out of the public-house if it was only there that he or she could hear or talk over the news or the rumors of the day. Not one in ten would emerge from the public-house sober so long as the public-house is organized and arranged on the principle that any self-respecting *habitué* should pay for the social amenities of the place and the shelter it provides for conversation and intercourse by drinking at his neighbor's expense and by making his neighbor drink at his. The magistrate who says that all you have to do is to slam the door of the public-house in the face of the women would complain pretty quickly if the Government shut up his club, and yet even that would leave him with his newspapers and unlimited opportunities of entertainment at home and in the houses of his friends.

One way of dealing with the difficulty is the creation of clubs—such as that opened by Lady Jellicoe in Hammersmith last week—where newspapers are provided, and people can talk and listen to concerts and lectures. These clubs for married women should become part of our social machinery in time of peace as well as in time of war. But we should like to see this policy supplemented by an attempt to reconstruct the public-house itself. Why should not the Government take over the public-houses in all districts where soldiers are quartered and in those where there are numbers of soldiers' wives? The public-house could then be organized on rational lines, as a place where people could sit down and talk, where the sale of intoxicating drink was not pushed, and where general refreshment was recognized as the object of these institutions. The regulations for good conduct and management would be rigidly enforced, and nobody would have any interest—but the reverse—in encouraging other people to drink. Everybody knows that a great part of the drunkenness of the country springs from the simple fact that over a large section of society there is only one recognized way of being hospitable and genial to a friend or an acquaintance, old or new. At this moment it is generally understood that so far from being a kind thing, it is a base thing to encourage a soldier to drink, and

thereby to impair his powers of endurance and resistance to the effects of wounds and disease. Lord Kitchener has made an appeal to the nation to abstain from this practice. Why should not the Government treat the public-houses in these areas as they treated the railway companies, make an arrangement with the owners, put them under public control, and organize them on rational lines? Newspapers would be provided, non-intoxicating refreshment would be encouraged, and every house would be run with an eye, not to private profit, but to the public convenience and advantage. It would not be necessary to displace anybody any more than it was necessary to displace railway officials. The only change would be that the State or the municipality would cater for the soldiers and their friends rather than the brewery company.

Short Studies.

THIS ENGLAND.

It was a part of the country I had never known before, and I had no connections with it. Once only, during infancy, I had stayed here at a vicarage, and though I have been told things about it which it gives me, almost as if they were memories, a certain pleasure to recall, no genuine memory survives from the visit. All I can say is that the name, Hereford, had somehow won in my mind a very distinct meaning; it stood out among county names as the most delicately rustic of them all, with a touch of nobility given it long ago, I think, by Shakespeare's "Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby." But now I was here for the third time since the year began. In April here I had heard, among apple trees in flower, not the first cuckoo, but the first abundance of day-long-calling cuckoos; here, the first nightingale's song, though too far-off and intermittently, twitched away by gusty night winds; here I found the earliest may-blossom which by May-day, while I still lingered, began to dapple the hedges thickly; and no rain fell, yet the land was sweet. Here I had the consummation of Midsummer, the weather radiant and fresh, yet hot and rainless, the white and the pink wild roses, the growing bracken, the last and best of the songs, blackbird's, blackcap's. Now it was August, and again no rain fell for many days; the harvest was a good one, and after standing long in the sun it was gathered in and put up in ricks in the sun, to the contentment of men and rooks. All day the rooks in the wheat-fields were cawing a deep sweet caw, in alternating choirs or all together, almost like sheep bleating, contentedly, on until late evening. The sun shone, always warm, from skies sometimes cloudless, sometimes inscribed with a fine white scatter miles high, sometimes displaying the full pomp of white moving mountains, sometimes almost entirely shrouded in dull sulphurous threats, but vain ones.

Three meadows away lived a friend, and once or twice or three times a day I used to cross the meadows, the gate, and the two stiles. The first was a concave meadow, in April strewn with daffodils. There, day and night, pastured a bay colt and a black mare, thirty years old, but gay enough to have slipped away two years back and got herself made the mother of this "stolen" foal. The path led across the middle of the meadow, through a gate, and alongside one of the hedges of the next, which sloped down rather steeply to the remnant of a brook, and was grazed by half-a-dozen cows. At the bottom a hedge followed the line of the brook and a stile took me through it, with a deep drop, to a plank and a puddle, and so to the last field, a rough one. This rose up as steeply and was the night's lodging of four cart horses. The path, having gradually approached a hedge on the left, went alongside it, under the horse-chestnut tree leaning out of it, and in sight of the house, until it reached the far hedge and the road. There, at another stile, the path ceased. The little house of whitened bricks and black timbers lay a few yards up the road, a

vegetable garden in front with a weeping ash and a bay-tree, a walnut in a yard of cobbles and grass behind, a yew on the roadside, an orchard on the other.

How easy it was to spend a morning or afternoon in walking over to this house, stopping to talk to whoever was about for a few minutes, and then strolling with my friend, nearly regardless of footpaths, in a long loop, so as to end either at his house or my lodging. It was mostly orchard and grass, gently up and down, seldom steep for more than a few yards. Some of the meadows had a group or a line of elms; one an ash rising out of an islet of dense brambles; many had several great old apple or pear trees. The pears were small brown perry pears, as thick as haws, the apples chiefly cider apples, innumerable, rosy and uneatable, though once or twice we did pick up a wasp's remnant, with slightly greasy skin of palest yellow, that tasted delicious. There was one brook to cross, shallow and leaden, with high hollow bare banks. More than one meadow was trenched, apparently by a dried watercourse, showing flags, rushes, and a train of willows.

If talk dwindled in the traversing of a big field, the pause at gate or stile braced it again. Often we prolonged the pause, whether we actually sat or not, and we talked—of flowers, childhood, Shakespeare, women, England, the war—or we looked at a far horizon which some dip or gap occasionally disclosed. Again and again we saw, instead of solid things, dark or bright, never more than half a mile off, the complete broad dome of a high hill six miles distant, a beautiful hill itself, but especially seen thus, always unexpectedly, through gaps in this narrow country, as through a window. Moreover, we knew that from the summit, between the few old Scots firs and the young ones of the plantation, we could command the Severn and the Cotswolds on the one hand, and on the other the Wye, the Forest of Dean, the island hills of North Monmouthshire, dark and massive, the remote Black Mountains pale and cloudlike, far beyond them in Wales. Not that we often needed to escape from this narrow country, or that, if we did, we had to look so far. For example, the cloud and haze of a hot day would change all. As we sat on a gate, the elms in a near hedge grew sombre, though clear. Past them rose a field like a low pitched roof dotted over with black stooks of beans, and the elms at the top of that rise looked black and ponderous. Those in farther hedges were dimmer and less heavy, some were as puffs of smoke, while just below the long straight ridge of the horizon, a mile or two away, the trees were no more than the shadows of smoke.

Lombardy poplars rose out from among the elms, near and far, in twos and threes, in longer or shorter lines, and at one point grouping themselves like the pinnacles of a cathedral. Most farmhouses in the neighborhood, and even pairs of cottages, possessed a couple or more. If we got astray we could steer by this or that high-perched cluster, in which, perhaps, one tree having lost a branch now on one side, now on the other, resembled a grass stalk with flowers alternating up it. When night came on, any farmhouse group might be transmuted out of all knowledge, partly with the aid of its Lombardy poplars. There was also one tree without a house which looked magnificent at that hour. It stood alone, except for a much lesser tree, as it were, kneeling at its feet, on the long swooping curve of a great meadow against the sky; and when the curve and the two trees upon it were clear black under a pale sky and the first stars, they made a kind of naturally melodramatic "C'est l'empereur" scene, such as must be as common as painters in a cypress country.

Whatever road or lane we took, once in every quarter of a mile we came to a farmhouse. Only there by the two trees we tasted austere inhuman solitude as a luxury. Yet a man had planted the trees fifty or sixty years back. (Who was it, I wonder, set the fashion or distributed the seedlings?) It was really not less human a scene than that other one I liked at nightfall. Wildly dark clouds broke through the pallid sky above the elms, shadowy elms towering up ten times their diurnal height; and under the trees stood a thatched cottage, sending up a thin blue smoke against the foliage, and casting a

faint light out from one square window and open door. It was cheerful and mysterious too. No man of any nation accustomed to houses but must have longed for his home at the sight, or have suffered for lacking one, or have dreamed that this was it.

Then one evening the new moon made a difference. It was the end of a wet day; at least, it had begun wet, had turned warm and muggy, and at last fine but still cloudy. The sky was banded with rough masses in the north-west, but the moon, a stout orange crescent, hung free of cloud near the horizon. At one stroke, I thought, like many other people, what things that same new moon sees eastward about the Meuse in France. Of those who could see it there, not blinded by smoke, pain, or excitement, how many saw it and heeded? I was deluged, in a second stroke, by another thought, or something that overpowered thought. All I can tell is, it seemed to me that either I had never loved England, or I had loved it foolishly, aesthetically, like a slave, not having realized that it was not mine unless I were willing and prepared to die rather than leave it as Belgian women and old men and children had left their country. Something I had omitted. Something, I felt, had to be done before I could look again composedly at English landscape, at the elms and poplars about the houses, at the purple-headed wood-betony with two pairs of dark leaves on a stiff stem, who stood sentinel among the grasses or bracken by hedge-side or wood's-edge. What he stood sentinel for I did not know, any more than what I had got to do.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Present-Day Problems.

HOW TO HELP THE COTTON OPERATIVES.

EVERYONE knows by this time the serious state to which the cotton industry in Lancashire has been reduced by the war, and we have all become used to discussing the problem of getting the raw cotton from the growers, who wish to sell, to the manufacturers, who wish to buy, past the brokers, who seem unable to do either. But in all our talk about restoring the industry, we have too often lost sight of the actual situation in which the cotton operatives find themselves to-day. Doubtless, it is of paramount importance to workmen as well as to masters that every possible step should be taken to make trade more normal; but the operatives have a special claim not to be forgotten in the present crisis. Even if the mission of Sir George Paish to America realizes the most sanguine expectations, a great deal of distress and unemployment is bound to remain. This it is the business of the community to relieve in the manner that is most efficient and least degrading.

From the beginning of the war, the Government has been urged from many quarters to help the trade unions to make provision for such of their members as are being thrown out of work. The general case for the use of the union machinery has already been stated in *THE NATION*, and there is no need to repeat it here; but if the case is strong for trade unionism generally, it is ten times as strong in the cotton industry. Here we have one of our greatest industries thrown out of gear by the war. Obviously, some public provision has to be made to meet the distress; and, in the organizations which the workers have themselves created, the machinery lies ready to hand. Taken as a whole, the cotton industry is one of the most completely organized; given adequate help by the State, the cotton unions could easily undertake the whole work of providing for their members. Yet the Government has so far done practically nothing.

When distress first showed signs of becoming acute, *THE NATION* advocated a generous extension of the system under which grants are made to trade unions of a proportion of their total expenditure in out-of-work benefit. After very unreasonable delay, the Government pro-

duced a scheme, but what a scheme it was! Under Section 106 of the Insurance Act, the unions were already entitled to claim one-sixth of the sums spent in unemployed benefit; under the new scheme, they might, by imposing a special levy on their members working full time and according as the levy varied from 1d. to 6d. per week, claim either one-third or one-half of their expenditure. In view of the immense saving to the Relief Committees that the continuance of trade union benefits involves, this scheme is miserly enough for any industry; it is in addition completely unsuited to the needs of the industry it is most important to relieve. For some of the cotton trade unions pay no out-of-work benefits at all, while others pay on so low a scale and for so short a period as to be practically useless in the present emergency. And, even where the unions have regular unemployment funds, the Government grants are far too scanty to save them from bankruptcy in the near future, unless more generous provision is made.

Take first the spinning side of the industry. Here there are two main groups of workers, the cardroom operatives, and the spinners with their piecers. Both these groups, taken as a whole, are comparatively well covered by unemployed benefits, though there are some districts in which no such benefits are paid. Among the card and blowing room operatives, benefits varying from 3s. 6d. to 12s. a week are paid for periods varying from six to thirteen weeks, and the majority approach the lower rather than the higher limit. It is clear, then, that many of the workers have already run out of benefit, and that many more are continually doing so, without any good prospect of finding employment. In the Oldham Cardroom Association alone, the average number in receipt of mill stoppage benefit since the war began was, according to the last available figures, 4,418, out of a financial membership of about 18,000. In this case, benefits are at the rate of 3s. 6d. or 7s. a week for nine weeks, so that soon the majority of these workers will be out of benefit. Take now the financial effect upon the union. Over the period since the war began, the income has been £7,667, and the expenditure £23,163—a loss of £15,496, most of which is saving to the relief funds. Yet the Government has so far done nothing to help the unions out of their impasse.

At the same time, the Oldham Spinners, who pay 10s. benefit for eighteen weeks, reported 2,973 of their members as totally stopped, and, to judge from the Board of Trade returns, the distress in Oldham is a trifle below the average over the whole spinning area. Nor should it be forgotten that, if the spinners are rather better equipped with out-of-work benefits than their fellow operatives, the drain on the union's resources is correspondingly heavy. Here, too, some districts have no unemployed funds, and, where such benefits are paid, the rates are generally, for spinners, about 10s. a week for eight, ten, or thirteen weeks, while for piecers, who are sometimes wholly excluded, the rate varies from 4s. to 10s. according to the district and contribution, and the period of payment is, as a rule, shorter than for the spinners.

For the second great branch of the cotton industry—weaving—the position of the Weavers' Amalgamation may be taken as typical, since all the other sections are proportionately affected. The last figures available are for the week ending on October 24th, and with these may be compared statistics for each earlier week of the war. Out of a total membership of 198,967 the weavers then had 53,811 totally unemployed, and 68,208 on short time. This was an increase on the previous week, when the numbers were 49,587 and 66,408. Still more instructive to those who tell us that the position is improving should it be to learn that, after the first fortnight of the war, there has been no decrease in the number totally unemployed till the week ending October 17th, and in that week the decrease was more than balanced by the increase in the numbers on short time. It is not too much to estimate that well over 170,000 looms are standing empty, and well over 200,000 on short time, out of a total of about 750,000. The weekly loss of wages in the weaving industry has stood, for the last eight weeks, at about £158,000 out of a total wages bill of £340,000.

It is among the weavers that the problem is most difficult; for while the overlookers, tapesizers, and warp-dressers have comparatively high scales of benefit, the weavers, and with them the beamers, twistors, and drawers, have either very low scales for very short periods, or, more often, none at all. There seems to be no weavers' union paying benefit for a longer time than six weeks, and in many cases four weeks is the maximum period. Clearly, so far as the present distress is concerned, these benefits may be regarded as non-existent; for where the need is greatest, they have already been exhausted long ago. The Lancashire weavers have for the most part been for some time living on their savings. In Burnley, for instance, where more than half the looms are wholly stopped, and where the union has 18,333 members out of work, no unemployment benefit is paid, and, if the attempt were made to start a fund by means of a levy, there would be very few members working full time on whom it could be imposed.

The solution is surely clear enough. Either through the local Relief Committees or through the trade unions money must be spent on the prevention of distress. But the present situation in the cotton industry cannot be met by any system of grants proportional to the amount spent by the union on out-of-work benefit. What is needed is a lump sum to enable the unions to pay adequate benefits for a sufficient period to all their members out of work. Let this sum be given on the condition that a levy is imposed on those who are working full time, if such a condition is desired; but let the sum granted be in proportion to the needs of the various unions, and not to the sums they are in a position to disburse from their own funds. The latter system, which is that so far adopted by the Government, merely helps those who are best able to help themselves, and leaves the neediest unaided. It is workable only if it takes the form of a supplement to the grant of a lump sum given according to needs.

For instance, it is useless to attempt to help the various weavers' unions by a proportionate subsidy, because a half, or even two-thirds, of the sums they are in a position to spend on out-of-work benefit would be practically nothing, and would be nothing just because their need is great. On the other hand, an adequate subsidy would enable the Weavers' Amalgamation to start an unemployment fund covering the whole of Lancashire, and to levy its full-time members in support of such a fund. This grant should be a gift, and not a loan; for the community has not the right to make the weavers pay back, after the war, a sum which is due to them in an emergency not of their making. As the weavers have roughly 50,000 members unemployed, the cost of such a scheme, at 10s. per head weekly, would be £25,000, and if the whole cost of this were borne out of national funds, it would mean only a transference of the sum from the Relief Committee to the trade union. The self-respect and independence of the workers would be safeguarded, and the cost to the nation would not be accompanied by the moral deterioration produced by a system of doles.

It is said that a project is now under discussion to extend Part II. of the Insurance Act to the cotton trade. The granting of out-of-work pay by the State to all unemployed workers on a non-contributory basis is a desirable reform; but no extension of contributory insurance can do anything to meet the present distress. The workers cannot afford an extra contribution, nor is any scheme of use unless it brings the unemployed operatives into benefit at once. The scheme of a direct grant to the cotton unions meets all the requirements of the case; and it is to be hoped that if some such step has not already been taken by the time this article appears, the trade unions and the public generally will lose no time in putting strong pressure on the Government when Parliament meets. The money must be spent; the unions are the accredited representatives of labor; and instead of making specious offers which turn out on analysis to be completely useless, the Government must recognize the unions as the only proper machinery for relieving distress among their members.

G. D. H. COLE.

Letters to the Editor.

"FRANCE HERSELF AGAIN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I read with much pleasure the review of my book, "France Herself Again," which you published in your issue of October 24th. There is sympathy and sympathetic insight in it.

However, I feel obliged to point out two passages which I cannot reconcile with what I wrote.

1. Speaking of the separation of Church and State in 1905, you ask: "Does M. Dimnet really want a French Church at the mercy of the Roman Curia? Would he not have preferred a discreet return to Gallicanism?" If you will turn to pages 161-162 of my book you will see what I think, and what, in fact, I call "common wisdom."

2. Further down, you say that "it is convenient for M. Dimnet to forget that it was the Empire which plunged into the weak and disorderly struggle of 1870 and the Republic which has conducted the wonderful campaign of 1914." The reference to the Empire is a singular piece of absent-mindedness. A whole section of my book is devoted to an indictment of the Empire, which I make entirely responsible for the disaster of 1870, and which—every line of that reaction shows it—I hold in abhorrence.

As to the campaign of 1914 being wonderfully conducted by the Republic, it is convenient to forget that there are two great parties in the "Republic." Do you stand with the Radical Republicans led by M. Caillaux, who, three months before the present war, made a tremendous effort, from mere political partizanship, to reduce the French Army by 240,000 men, or are you with me for the other section of the Republican party who are responsible for the election of M. Poincaré and the Three Years' Service Law?

I am no militarist. I firmly believe that the solution of the European difficulty must be a political change in Germany. I have written one of the most important chapters of my book on the "Inevitability of the Democratic Progress," which I greet, but I think that anti-militarism was a terribly dangerous attitude in England as well as in France on the eve of the declaration of war, and I resolutely stand with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Roberts.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST DIMNET.

22, Rue N.D. des Champs, Paris.

SIR ROBERT MORIER ON GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I do not know whether attention has been drawn to a remarkable passage in the "Life and Letters of Sir Robert Morier" which is singularly *à propos* at the present moment. Writing in 1875 to the then Crown Prince of Germany (the late Emperor Frederick) Sir R. Morier says: "There is no denying that the malady under which Europe is at present suffering is caused by German Chauvinism, a new and formidable type of the disease, for it is methodical, calculating, cold-blooded, and self-contained. . . . The action of Germany in the case supposed [declaring war on France on the ground of a prospective and hypothetical danger] would be stamped with a pedantic ferocity, a scientific cynicism, an academic cruelty, which history would never forget and mankind would take a long time to forgive. . . . An individual may, under the demonic impulse of super-human cynicism, laugh to scorn the opinion and conscience of contemporary mankind, and still more of posterity. I can conceive an Attila chuckling even on the brink of the grave, at the thought of living in the memory of future generations as a *Gottes Geissel* (Scourge of God); but a nation cannot afford the luxury of cynicism, cannot risk to place itself outside the pale of the opinions of mankind, because a nation never dies, and the conscience of mankind never dies, and when the orgies of successful force have spent their strength, the day comes when it has to live, not with its own recollection, but with those which mankind has preserved of it. It was the living, not the dead Cain that was branded as the murderer of his brother." ("Memoirs of Sir R. Morier," vol. 2, p. 347.)—Yours, &c.,

W. F. BARRETT.

CONSCRIPTION AND VOLUNTARY SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Liberals throughout the country are beginning to be alarmed by the possibility of conscription. But Liberals throughout the country, and notably the Liberal press, have shown an apathy in regard to the proper payment of the dependents of soldiers on active service, and the provision of pensions for the dependents of the killed and maimed, that is simply scandalous. What are we to think of people who themselves refuse to fight and at the same time refuse to give a living wage to those willing to fight for them?—Yours, &c.,

A. W. E.

November 5th, 1914.

THE TREATMENT OF ALIENS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your valuable article on the above in last week's issue of THE NATION you conclude by expressing a wish that the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary should take occasion to say a word of warning against panic—to tell people that they are not strengthening the hands but increasing the Government's perplexities by raiding shops and mobbing "allies" in mistake for "aliens"; that this does not impede the doings of a single "spy," nor dispose a single hesitating "alien" to be loyal to this country, but may very easily impair our reputation and prejudice the cause of our fellow-countrymen abroad.

Common-sense and sense of justice cannot be sufficiently learnt and understood by the many who seem expending most of their energies in "spy" hunting.

May also a wish be expressed that an early opportunity will be taken by the Home Secretary or Attorney-General to make a clear statement as to the exact legal position of innocent "alien enemies"? One knows how many thousands of these are suffering at this time by the methods of "rounding them up" and "hunting them down." One knows also that these victims of this irresponsible meanness are often British-born women and children whose husbands and fathers have lost employment solely because of their nationality. Many are led to believe they have no right to claim any debt owed to them or any wages earned from employers. A good deal of this deprivation of justice has been caused (according to the opinion expressed in the "Law Journal") by the President of the Prize Court and others. Magistrates also appear to be exercising similar injustice.

Above the noise of the cannon at Liège or Lille sat the Courts of Justice administering justice. Above the noise of "spy"-hunting newspapers and their readers, the following common-sense judgment, by two very able High Court judges, should be made as public as possible: On October 16th, Mr. Justice Sargant said: "The Aliens Restriction Act and the Proclamations issued under it, in effect, commanded 'aliens' to remain in a specified area in this country, and the general idea that an alien enemy could not obtain relief in the courts of this country was incorrect. . . . Persons allowed to remain are exonerated from the disabilities of alien enemies so long as they in fact stay and are placed in the same position as other foreigners, except as regards direct trade with the enemy country."

More recently, Mr. Justice Bailache has said: "To allow an action to proceed against an alien enemy and to refuse to allow him to appear and defend himself would be opposed to the fundamental principle of justice."

After these two decisions there should no more be any doubt on the subject in any tribunal calling itself a court of justice.—Yours, &c.,

T. R. BRIDGWATER.

22, Ovington Gardens, S.W.
November 4th, 1914.

DEMOCRACY AND HOMOCRACY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—When our best writers speak of democracy they invariably use the word in a narrow and unfair sense, limit-

ing it to half the people. Instances of this abound lately, and falsify the deductions and logic of the authors. There is great importance and weight in its full meaning being at once understood. We have no right to use the word as only covering the male half of the people. Democracy—the rule of the people—should at once mean to its fullest value the first half of the word.

Quite seriously, we must coin a new word to mean the male demos. I care not if it be “androcracy” or the less perfect but more quickly understood “homocracy.” We should gain immensely if this was clearly brought out that nowhere yet has the ideal of the people ever been carried out, nor is there any nation to-day which is a democracy.

To-day the Empire of Germany clearly shows us the result of masculine thought, and I believe an “androcracy” would only defect it from military power to some other material power without the higher spiritual forces.

I suggest—and it is a great innovation—that the real value of the word should be, in future, kept in mind, and a new word used for the rule of man.—Yours, &c.,

H. CANNING YEO.

Harcourt Road, Wallington.
October 29th, 1914.

A REPLY TO THE GERMAN PROFESSORS' MANIFESTO.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I fully agree with Mr. Hobhouse's letter and statement, and believe it would do good if circulated as proposed. I hereby authorize you to sign it on my behalf.—Yours, &c.,

G. B. CLARK.

1, Hillsbott, Letchworth, Herts.
November 1st, 1914.

SIR,—Please affix my name to Mr. L. T. Hobhouse's reply to the “Manifesto of the German Professors,” referred to in his letter of October 27th, published in your to-day's issue.—Yours, &c.,

THO. HODGSON.

Reform Club, Manchester.
October 31st, 1914.

SIR,—I would be glad if my signature may be affixed to Professor Hobhouse's memorandum on page 142 of this week's NATION.—Yours, &c.,

W. P. BYLES.

House of Commons Library,
October 31st, 1914.

SIR,—If women's names are admissible as signatories to Professor Hobhouse's manifesto, I shall be glad to add mine.—Yours, &c.,

L. A. BYLES.

8, Chalcot Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.
November 2nd, 1914.

SIR,—If Professor Hobhouse cares to have my name affixed to the letter which appears in this week's NATION, you have my authority to use it.—Yours, &c.,

J. FISCHER WILLIAMS.

11, Embankment Gardens, Chelsea, S.W.
November 1st, 1914.

SIR,—I am in sympathy with Professor Hobhouse's proposed manifesto, which appears in your issue of October 31st, and authorize you to affix my name to it.—Yours, &c.,

A. F. PETERSON, K.C.

39, Cheyne Walk, S.W.
November 1st, 1914.

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will add my name to the manifesto of Professor Hobhouse in your columns on October 31st.—Yours, &c.,

JAS. JEAKES (Prebendary of St. Paul's).

4, Cornwall Terrace, N.W.
November 1st, 1914.

SIR,—I should be glad to affix my name to the manifesto, in answer to the German Professors, written by Mr. L. T. Hobhouse, and published in your last week's issue.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR LETHBRIDGE, Proctor in Convocation.

Shepton Beauchamp Rectory, Ilminster.
November 2nd, 1914.

SIR,—I am glad to support the manifesto put forward by Professor L. T. Hobhouse in your last issue.—Yours, &c.,

(SIR) HENRY COTTON.

45, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.
November 3rd, 1914.

SIR,—I should like to add my name to the excellent manifesto of Prof. L. T. Hobhouse, appearing in your issue of the 31st ult. May I, at the same time, suggest two slight verbal

amendments? In line 20, the word “perfect,” in speaking of “a people living, like the Belgians, in perfect peace with their neighbors,” appears to me to be unnecessary and incorrect. No people can really be in a state of *perfect* peace who maintain armaments of any sort whatever, or who engage in commercial pursuits, requiring physical force in any shape, for their fulfilment. Then, about sixteen lines further on, the text speaks of the “permanent” damage which threatens civilization. All damage, like good and evil, must of necessity be relative and transitory. Mr. Hobhouse's language is so careful and moderate that one regrets the presence of any words, which, to the hypercritically minded, might look like blemishes.—Yours, &c.,

ST. GEORGE LANE FOX PITT.

Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

[These letters are representative of many others which we have received but have no room to insert.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

SONGS OF BEREAVEMENT.

I.—THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

(Holy Eve, 1914.)

Oft—since 'tis old she has grown,
Whom the grudging days bereave,
Year on long year and lone,
Till her thoughts of their dim path tire,
Turned back so far to grieve—
Oft, when falls Holy Eve,
Part hoping, part adread,
She has heaped the sods of her fire,
And here in its flickering glow
Has the meal, remembering, spread
For you, her bitter woe,
For you, O her heart's desire,
For you faring home from the dead.

Nay, but she knows not this night
If the lad yet wake or sleep,
Lost in the far-off fight,
Where beyond the sound of our sea
Fierce battle-thunders sweep
Swift down a shoreless deep
Full many a dear-rud head.
Until dawn from fear shall free,
Her heart can find no rest,
Still awaiting, sore bestead,
That loved unwelcome guest:
*Lest loner than lone I be,
Come not home to me with the Dead.*

II.—DIVISION.

Give Norah Shane, poor soul, who begs her bread,
The penny that she asks,
To bring down showers of blessing on your head
A nimble tongue she tasks;
Long may ye live, and happy may ye die,
Oft and again I have heard her prayer framed so:
She called it after us when he and I
Fared by a week ago . . .

Far lances flash, a bugle's shrill command,
In saddle all his troop;
To let him mount his mare will hardly stand,
Full gallop off they swoop:
The fretting hooves throb free; he thinks so well
Fay never went; they ne'er at fence did ride
In such a glorious run. Down crashed the shell—
No fear! he happy died.

That both should see a whole good wish come true
Was more than Fate could grant.
If Norah's boon thus halved between us two,
One share of joy be scant,
Accept I yet the dole I would fain forego;
Since fair his lot, mine own must needs forgive;
Yea learn alone as days—as hours—creep slow,
How years are long to live.

JANE BARLOW.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Days of My Years." By Sir Melville L. Macnaghten. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "Mr. Chamberlain's Speeches." Edited by C. W. Boyd. (Constable. 2 vols. 15s. net.)
- "The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life." By L. de Hegermann-Lindencrone. (Harpers. 12s. 6d. net.)
- "University Life in the Olden Times." By the Rev. J. O. Bevan. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)
- "John Brown Paton: A Biography." By John Lewis Paton. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s.)
- "The Life and Times of Lord Strathcona." By W. T. R. Preston. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "English Drama." By Felix E. Schelling. (Dent. 5s. net.)
- "Home Life in China." By I. T. Headland. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Through Unknown Nigeria." By J. R. Raphael. (Werner Laurie. 15s. net.)
- "David in Heaven, and Other Poems." By R. L. Gales. (Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Sinister Street." Volume Two. By Compton Mackenzie. (Secker. 6s.)
- "Yea." By M. A. Hamilton. (Heinemann. 6s.)

AMERICAN books on the war threaten to rival in numbers those produced in this country. Professor Münsterberg was first in the field with "The War and America," presenting the case from the German point of view. He was followed by another Harvard professor, Dr. Albert Hart, whose "The War in Europe" discusses the conditions which brought about the war, its effect upon neutral nations, particularly the United States, and its probable outcome. Another book that deserves the attention of English readers is Mr. Frederick De Sumichrast's "Americans and the Britons." Its author examines the outstanding differences between the British and American peoples in their attitude towards foreign policy, education, patriotism, militarism, feminism, social order, and similar subjects. All three books are published by Messrs. Appleton.

ADMIRERS of Stevenson will be glad to hear of the approaching publication by Messrs. Scribner of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson's "The Cruise of the 'Janet Nichol' among the South Sea Islands." It is a diary written by Mrs. Stevenson during the voyage which she and her husband made in 1890, and not intended for publication, but, as she says, only "to help her husband's memory where his own diary had fallen in arrears."

FEW English readers, I fancy, can claim acquaintance with the works of Ludvig Holberg. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that he was the greatest of Danish writers, and that his comedies fall little short of those of Molière. It is satisfactory to learn that a much-needed translation of three of the comedies—"Jeppe of the Hill," "The Political Tinker," and "Erasmus Montanus"—has been undertaken by Mr. Oscar Campbell for the American-Scandinavian Foundation. Up to the present, the only works of Holberg in English have been his "Memoirs" and "Journey to the World Underground," both of them in eighteenth-century translations.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY literature is not neglected in the books to be published this autumn. A selection of Addison's "Essays," with a memoir and notes by Sir James George Frazer, is about to be added to Messrs. Macmillan's Eversley Series. This is not the first occasion on which the author of "The Golden Bough" has appeared as the editor of an English classic. Many readers value his delightful edition of Cowper's "Letters" in the same series. Addison also appears in Messrs. Bell's list in the shape of a definitive edition of "The Miscellaneous Works of Joseph Addison," including the letters, which has been prepared by Mr. A. C. Guthkelch. The sixth and concluding volume of Dr. Elrington Ball's scholarly edition of Swift's correspondence will be issued shortly by the same publishers.

"THE IRISH ABROAD" is the title of a book which Mr. Elliott O'Donnell is about to publish through the firm of Sir Isaac Pitman. I have often wondered why so attractive a subject has been so much neglected. The story of the

Macmahons, O'Higginses, and other families of Irish blood who won distinction on foreign soil was well worth the telling. Mr. O'Donnell gives a full account of the Irish Brigades that have served in France, Spain, Austria, Italy, and Africa.

It is always pleasant to come upon the judgments passed on great writers by their contemporaries, especially when they are spontaneous and not intended to be made public. I find a good sprinkling of these in the letters that compose "A Literary Friendship" (just published by Mr. John Murray), written to Lady Alwyne Compton by Mr. Thomas Westwood. Mr. Westwood lived in Brussels as the Director of an Anglo-Belgian railway company, but his interests were largely literary. He was given his first Latin lessons by Charles Lamb, showed his first English verses to "Bridget Elia," and was the friend and correspondent of the Brownings and other famous Victorians. At Brussels he became acquainted with Paul Emmanuel and Madame Beck, and one of his early letters to Lady Alwyne Compton deals with Charlotte Brontë's love affair. Mr. Westwood says that Paul Emmanuel understood the reserved, taciturn girl, "and petted her and won her love," but without any foregone intention.

"He was a worshipper of intellect, and he worshipped Charlotte Brontë thus far and no farther. When the evil was discovered there was an enforced parting, and she returned to England broken-hearted and despairing, and broken-hearted and despairing were the letters he received from her for some time after. She told the whole story to a cousin of my wife's—a former pupil of his, and just one of those intellectual pupils whom he was wont to single out for preference. He told the story, and, I am sorry to say, he showed the letters also."

TENNYSON was, for Mr. Westwood, the greatest of contemporary poets, though he found a deterioration with "Lucretius," degenerating to "coarseness and violence" in "The Last Tournament." His opinion was that Tennyson as a great poet ended his career with the earlier "Idylls of the King." William Morris could not be compared with Tennyson, though Mr. Westwood found that "The Earthly Paradise" improved upon acquaintance. "It is undeniably mellow and nutty and nice. It has Chaucerian glints and flavors, but it is never great poetry; it never rises above a respectable level. It deserves a *succès d'estime*, and all it has earned over and above that is a mystery to me." Browning, in Mr. Westwood's view, "was a poet in his youth, even a great poet, to my thinking," and "Pippa Passes" was "the finest and most original poem" of the age, but his later work was disappointing. Rossetti was "worth fifty Swinburnes," though Swinburne "is undoubtedly the king of the intense school, and also king of shame. Why does he not marry Ouida? That is my constant cry. They would make each other so intensely miserable; and how jolly it would be!"

IN fiction, Mr. Westwood's preference was for George Eliot, in spite of "a want of cheerfulness in Miss Evans's organization." "Still, she stands alone, overtopping all other novelists of the day by many heads and many shoulders." He also admired Rhoda Broughton for her "felicitous faculty of natural description" and for "a fresh vigor and cleverness not common in these days." He thought, besides, that "the Americans were looking up in original fiction. Witness the modern James, author of 'The American in Europe,' 'Daisy Miller,' 'Roderick Hudson,' &c." But Mr. Westwood found it "the hardest thing in the world to find a really good novel," and lamented the "grammatical demoralization" which threatened to invade all phases of literature and especially fiction.

THE National Home-Reading Union is doing useful service to the world of books, and I am glad to see that its activities have not been checked by the war. The Union has begun publication of a new series of shilling pamphlets which are intended to offer guidance to readers by telling them of books to be read and giving suggestions as to the manner of reading. The first to appear is "William Morris" by Mr. J. W. Mackail, and it admirably fulfils its purpose.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

BERGSON AND NIETZSCHE.

"Henri Bergson: An Account of his Life and Philosophy."

By ALGOT RUHE and N. M. PAUL. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)

"The Philosophy of Change." By H. WILDON CARR. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

LIKE men, philosophers must stand or fall by the test of practical life. The philosophic tree is known by its fruits; and tested by life in these dread days, certain philosophies are failing—their fruit falls blighted. He would be not only a cynic and blind to the greatness of men but a plain fool who should say now, "Once a Nietzschean always a Nietzschean," as William James, with a touch of the prophet's insight, said, "Once a Bergsonian always a Bergsonian." The doctrine of the Will-to-Power is driven before the blast of the power of life, that power of the *imponderabilia* with which Germany has not reckoned. Men are not such fools as to go on seeking figs from thistles when thistledown is blown about them everywhere; and never again, we may be sure, will that doctrine find either such energy of expression or so good a chance of proving its vitality and worth—never again, please God and man, will it be strong enough to demand any crucial test. If ever a philosophic idea met with swift and sudden damnation, this has met it. Perhaps in the long history of the world, and through the life of man beyond history, none ever met it so before.

We have our lesson; let us learn it. Let us learn how philosophic ideas impress their likeness and their consequence upon men and nations. Not passion only could have brought upon the world the devastating evil of this war above all wars. Now, as always, ideas are needed to give body, coherence, enduring force, to passions, to endow them with clear direction, to gather them up in the grasp of purpose. And because there are no men really men who have not ideas, even philosophic ideas, the passions of men, which may or may not be bestial as the quality of the idea shall rule, are never those of beasts. They are death-dealing or life-giving, as no beast's can be.

Modern Germany would not be what it is and do what it is doing but for the poison of the ideas we speak of as those of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi. No doubt there are millions of Germans who know none of these names; but the venom of their teaching works all the same in the nation as well as in its rulers. Ideas are potent in any society of men—above all where that society is organized as Germany is organized. They are potent everywhere, and at this moment we are watching those that are of eternal significance, those that are latent in the souls, and even in the minds, of all men, working against Germany. The bane meets with its antidote:—

"Depuis que tu sévis, guerre dévastatrice,
Comme ils sont redevenus vierges et beaux
Les mots
De paix, de liberté, de droit et de justice!"

In the common life of all men, in freedom and by its fruits of peace and righteous dealing, we discern that lasting antidote. And we who care for the unity of life, who would have our intellect support our feelings and our feelings inspire the travail of our intellect, ask for a philosophy that shall match these great things and facts of human life. Where shall we find it? To be honest, not one of the great systems of the past is fully human; they smack of the study, of the class-room; they are dry bones now, when we look at them in this new world of newly vigorous activity. None matches even with our new sciences of life and man. We were waiting long ago; we are impatient now. And the new philosophy has come, so the Bergsonian says. It is assuredly a philosophy of freedom, and it points us to a growing community of interests among men and nations in the sympathetic adventure life sets before them all. It shows us, too, the final doom of every adventure seeking after dominance, every adventure of the ruthless Over-man; and yet it points to adventure with promises no Over-man of Nietzsche's ever dreamt of. It is a great philosophy, but no system; it is as

living as life, and moves and grows with life. So at least the Bergsonian says. And he explains that in the main it is a new way of seeing all things, good or bad, mental or bodily, human, animal, material, divine, or devilish. "*Unum scio*," he declares with fervor, "whereas I was blind, now I see."

The two books before us, "Henri Bergson" and "The Philosophy of Change," are distinguished in the mass of literature gathered about the name and work of the philosopher, not by the fact that all three authors are adherents of his doctrine, for this would be to range them with many more, but by their recognition, implicit throughout both books and explicit in many passages, that they are dealing with a revolutionary method of approaching and viewing reality, not with a system of any philosophic variety whatever. The consequences of this are most clearly felt and seen in the first-named work. Its authors are of the pure Bergsonian spirit and purpose. They lead us by intellectual sympathy into the heart of the method, and make us watch its results as from within. We are induced, almost unawares, to share the life of M. Bergson, to think his thoughts with him, to follow the steps of his attack on the great problems of human experience. In short, we are given a practical object-lesson in the change of mental habits M. Bergson desires to induce in us, a change without which we shall never understand what he says, and never, so he says, discover reality and lay hold intelligently on life. We are to learn, so we are told, to see as the artist sees, with a more direct and simple vision of the mind. We are to use not only our intellect but the intuition which we recognize in every artist—an intuition partaking of the marvellous gifts of the insect, that searches out the living secrets of its prey as though they were secrets of its own limbs and body, felt as active in itself.

The object-lesson is pregnant with enlightenment. We listen with a new respect to the Bergsonian when he tells us that we shall learn in this way to understand the wide, long process of humanity as we never understood it before. We shall see it from within. And then we remember, with a new point, what Bismarck said of the *imponderabilia*. Germany is cursed by a one-sided intellectualism which the Bergsonian method both explains and undermines. Germany is blind to the truth of men, for this truth can never be known except by the sympathetic intelligence that penetrates beyond the mechanism of self-interest and the will to power and might. M. Bergson is the one philosopher who really explains Germany, and this lucid and most interesting book, fitly entitled by his name, explains M. Bergson.

Dr. Carr's work is of a different order. It is addressed to a circle—fortunately, a large and enlarging circle—of philosophic-minded readers. It is more technical and more controversial, although it is explanatory too. It is an admirable book for the purpose to which it is addressed, and that purpose will be the better fulfilled because Dr. Carr's attention is concentrated in the main on "Matter and Memory," the second of M. Bergson's three great books. He tells us that the reason he devotes "so much attention to the problem of the relation of mind and body" is that he feels it "to be the point of departure for a philosophy of action," and that he is impressed by "the quite evident initial determination of M. Bergson to reach a definite conclusion as to the exact nature of that relation, and not, as so many have done, to rest satisfied with a cautious acceptance of some provisional hypothesis." He goes on to say that "Matter and Memory" convinces him that Bergson's conclusion on this subject "is the real starting-point of the development of his philosophical theory." Dr. Carr has here, probably, the general support of philosophers. Whether they are on the side of M. Bergson or against him, they recognize that the key to his philosophical position is to be found in the application of his method to the great problem of the relation of matter and spirit, body and mind.

Yet we all need more just now than this book can give; we feel our need poignantly in these days of gloom, lightened though they be with flashes of glory. And with regard to these two books there can hardly be a question for the man who has read both that the burden of his spirit weighs less heavily upon him when he has read the first, and that he will perhaps turn soon to read it again. The second is for more peaceful

NEW BOOKS.

Please send for Illustrated List.

TEN THOUSAND MILES WITH A DOG-SLED.

By Archdeacon HUDSON STUCK. With 4 Illustrations in Full Colour and 54 in Half-tone. Cloth gilt. 16s. net.

If anyone would see the vast snowfields, frozen rivers, and rugged mountains of the Alaskan interior, but cannot visit them, he would do almost as well by reading this often beautiful account of a missionary's ten thousand miles of travel in following his hard and dangerous calling.

A GUIDE TO GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

By T. FRANCIS BUMPUS. 143 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.

A general survey of Romanesque and Pointed Gothic Architecture in Europe from the earliest times to the present day.

THE NIGHT SIDE OF JAPAN.

By T. FUJIMOTO. Very Fully Illustrated in Colours and Half-tone. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

This is a book full of interest, combining as it does an account of modern European life in Japan which is still strongly mixed up with the quaint primitive customs of Old Japan. The author is a native of Tokyo, with a knowledge of English, and he describes both town and peasant life with much quaintness and vivacity.

The theatres, variety halls, streets and parks—the Yoshiwara and the country life are all described from the Japanese point of view, thus giving the book a very special interest.

One great feature of the volume is a number of illustrations drawn specially for it by a Japanese artist.

THROUGH UNKNOWN NIGERIA.

By JOHN R. RAPHAEL, late Travel Editor, "The African World." Illustrated from Photographs by the Author. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

The author has given a clear, connected narrative of a journey through the latest British Possession. Of our Colonies, Northern Nigeria is the least known to the average man, though no territory under the Flag is more interesting. It has people who have a civilisation which can be traced for 1,000 years or more, and it holds tribes as primitive as any. The contrast between the two is more marked than a comparison of the English and the Esquimaux. Mr. Raphael tells his story in an easy, unaffected way, with a natural eye for humour, which is never forced nor searched for laboriously. A voyage 400 miles down the Niger, homeward bound, tells much of the navigation of that wonderful river.

NEW BOOKS ON THE WAR

THE SECRETS of the GERMAN WAR OFFICE.

By Dr. ARMGAARD KARL GRAVES. Cr. 8vo, 2s. net. Astounding and unprecedented revelations of the German Secret Service Department.

THE SIEGE OF LIÈGE. A Personal Narrative.

By Professor HAMELIUS, of the University of Liège. Cr. 8vo, 1s. net. A chapter from the History of European Warfare.

THE A B C GUIDE TO THE GREAT WAR.

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE, late South African Light Horse. With a large coloured map of the war area. Cr. 8vo, 1s. net. An encyclopædia of interesting and necessary information for all who are following the course of the European struggle.

A WAR COOKERY BOOK FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.

Cr. 8vo, paper cover, 6d. net. An invaluable manual for those who have to look after the injured in war.

NIETZSCHE. "The Mind that caused the War."

By J. M. KENNEDY. Picture cover, 1s. net.

THE SOLDIERS' ENGLISH AND FRENCH CONVERSATION BOOK.

An indispensable aid to the British soldier. 7d. net.

Containing hundreds of useful sentences and words, enabling the British soldier to converse with the French and Belgian Allies, with the correct pronunciation of each word.

Phrases for Landing, Marching, Train, Camping, Billeting, Transport, Action, Convoy, Aviation, Trenches, Wounded, Purchasing, Conversations, Money, Weights. Vocabulary of everyday words.

T. WERNER LAURIE, Ltd., 8, Essex Street, London.

Appleton's New Books 6s.

THE HIDDEN CHILDREN.

Robert W. Chambers.

Romance—Adventure—Mystery—Love—all are combined in this story of life and love of a nameless woman.

OLD WIVES FOR NEW.

David Graham Phillips.

A frank and faithful picture of married life as it exists in modern society.

TO-DAY'S DAUGHTER.

Josephine D. Bacon.

Every woman should read this intensely interesting story dealing with the problem for all clever lovable women of to-day; how to make the most of their opportunities and to show what they can do in shaping their own lives.

THE FLAME OF FROST.

Alice Jones.

A story of love and adventure in the Canadian woods with a new and fascinating type of heroine whose rare and unaffected charm lingers in the memory of the reader.

THE VICTIM.

Thomas Dixon.

A great drama of the American Civil War, with a silver thread of romance, strongly but delicately handled.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

Amelia E. Barr.

A vivid picture of a struggle with conscience; a strong theme handled with sympathy and humanity.

THE BUTTERFLY.

Henry K. Webster.

A big brilliant butterfly in the person of a world-famous dancer flashes through the author's story and causes a commotion among the young men. She is a mystery of many colours.

SELINA.

George Madden Martin.

Selina's hopeful efforts and her livelier failures make an interesting story that every young girl should read.

LOVE AND THE SOUL MAKER.

Mary Austin.

A study of the marriage tie and its relation to the problems of modern society.

INSURGENT MEXICO.

John Reed.

The real Mexico in vivid pictures showing the Mexican in peace and in war, and describing what the author actually saw during an adventurous time with the army on the march.

BEATING BACK.

Al Jennings and Will Irwin.

One of the frankest confessions ever written—the story of an outlaw who "came back." A human document of enthralling interest.

WITHIN PRISON WALLS.

Thomas Mott Osborne.

A human document full of pathos and humour, of unusual revelations, and suggestive of needed improvements. A volume every citizen should read.

PLANT BREEDING.

John M. Coulter.

An interesting and valuable work for all interested in the theory and practice of Plant Breeding.

MOTOR CYCLE PRINCIPLES.

Roger B. Whitman.

An exhaustive handbook on the Motor Cycle Engine and its accessories.

THE WAR IN EUROPE.

Albert B. Hart.

Cloth 3s. 6d. net. Paper 2s. net.

The only war book yet published that discusses the great European war conflict from the American point of view. A book to be read by everybody.

25, BEDFORD ST., COVENT GARDEN.

times, when study and controversy shall have a reasonable place. We need to be "taken out of ourselves" to-day. "Henri Bergson," man and book, will do this for us, and we may perhaps find ourselves undergoing that curious conversion which James was thinking of when he said, speaking indeed of himself: "Once a Bergsonian always a Bergsonian."

MAETERLINCK.

"Maurice Maeterlinck: A Critical Study." By UNA TAYLOR. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN the last attenuated quarter of the eighteenth century, when an age which had been sceptical of all forms of literature remote from and alien to its own had begun to be sceptical of itself, there arose, as a sort of compensation to it, a school of thought roughly generalized as "the Gothic Revival." This school, with Bishop Percy, Macpherson, Chatterton, Anne Radcliffe, and, to a certain extent, Walpole, as its leaders (Blake was quite outside of it), relied for its inspiration upon those elements of mystery, sensation, and medievalism, which the earlier classical schools of the century had entirely repudiated. These revivalists accomplished a certain standard of genuine values; they considerably widened the horizons of intellectual life, and they re-introduced the splendid ballad literature to the world. But, on the whole, their achievements were the sterile, external, and pseudo-artistic ones of Macpherson's "Ossian," Chatterton's forgeries, Mrs. Radcliffe's "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and Walpole's stucco castle at Strawberry Hill. And, by a curious fatality of history, the phenomenon of Maeterlinck had, at the end of the nineteenth century, something of the same effects, the same aspirations, and the same atmosphere, as the phenomenon of the "Gothicists." Of course, at first blush, Maeterlinck's sources are obvious enough. By quite discernible, and in some cases acknowledged, processes he has rifled the stores of Baudelaire and the French Symbolists, Villiers de L'Isle Adam, Novalis, and the German romanticists, the medieval chronicles, and Celtic and Breton folk-lore. There is no mistaking, for instance, where this kind of hypochondria comes from:—

"Végétation de symboles,
Nénufars mornes de plaisirs,
Palmes lentes de mes désirs,
Mousses froides, lianes molles,
Toujours la pluie à l'horizon
Toujours la neige sur les grèves . . ."
—("Serres Chaudes.")

But, by that curious flaccidity of temper in his work which is almost an attitude, almost a pose, but also partly a dis-temper of spirit, Maeterlinck never really got to the heart of his sources. He was without the originality to coin new metal out of the old alloy, and he could only make "fleurs mauvaises" out of Baudelaire's "fleurs de mal." On the other hand, his affinity with the Gothic School of the eighteenth century, though by no means deliberate, is more exact, and in two particulars—the exploitation of sensation and the exploitation of stage-properties.

Unquestionably, it is the Maeterlinck of the earliest dramas—"La Princesse Maleine," "Les Aveugles," "Intérieur," "La Mort de Tintagiles," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Alladine et Pallomides," and "Aglavaine et Selysette," rather than the Maeterlinck of "Monna Vanna," "Joyselle" and the prose essays, who won so great a reputation in England. And it is in the unambiguous methods of these dramas of death, terror, and a malevolent destiny that he touches hands with Ossian and Anne Radcliffe. The whole point of their significance is their uniformity and singleness of impression. Even Miss Taylor's hyperboles admit that there is no kind of diversity of effect, treatment, or style in any one of these slow, haunted, cryptic melodramas. They are all marshalled under one conscious plan. There are the sense of implacable fatality; the exotic, supernatural atmosphere; the suggestion of malady, impotence, and morbidity; the frail, lack-lustre figures of stricken men and women; and, finally and most emphatically, the sense of fear. All this material is not only of a piece, but is entirely disciplined to the dramatist's will and

purpose. It is, in fact, a most carefully studied artifice. Now, Miss Taylor would have it that all this accumulation of abnormal impressions is designed aesthetically to produce certain emotional reactions upon the reader's mind. Yes; but what, precisely, is the nature of this reaction? There can only be one answer. What we feel is simply a *thrill*—that is to say, not an emotion but a sensation. Maeterlinck wrote these plays, in short, purely and simply to make our hair stand on end, just as the Gothic revivalists paraded their medieval skeletons and Bram Stoker his vampires—to create an agreeable shiver down the back.

And, to do him justice, Maeterlinck spared no pains to do it well. What an incomparable stage-manager he has been, and with what effect he has used a limited, very ancient, and rather mouldy supply of stage accessories! Those haunted cypress groves, the ruined castles glowering over foetid swamps, the curse laid upon the dim, feckless maidens, who scatter their "j'ai peur" and their asterisks in such terror-striking profusion. You gasp, and the trick is done. Why, one can almost hear the clank of the Udolphian fetters through it all! No wonder that Maeterlinck acquired such an extra-literary popularity. But he is too clever to rely upon those obsolete externals of stage-craft alone. He knew the romantic suggestiveness of repetition and of a tardy rhythmic style, echoing like a distant chant. He knew, that is to say, the value of an orchestra to accompany his manipulation of the scenery and the half-lights; and he learned that the thing half-said is much more an asset of sensation than the full statement. It is no use grumbling at him because he makes his *Mélisandes* and his *Maleines* afraid when there is nothing to be afraid of, and die when there is nothing to die of. He leaves it to his readers to fill in the gaps, and they, primed to a heady pitch already, will be at no loss to make the most of their opportunity. Miss Taylor does the honor of calling this machinery "symbolism," and of attaching some profound mystical wisdom to it. Well, that is her agreeable way of putting it.

It was unfortunate for Maeterlinck that he abandoned this type of extravagantly violent and yet vaguely bewitched drama for his later attempts, such as "Monna Vanna," "Joyselle," "Marie Madeleine," and "Sœur Béatrice." Miss Taylor herself, though she claims that he substituted "will" for "destiny," and introduced the element of personality in conflict, is conscious of this. For their psychology is commonplace and so tedious that one is inclined to think that it was the lucky accident of the censorship that secured for "Monna Vanna" something of a vogue in England. As in "La Princesse Maleine," Maeterlinck had recourse in them to elaborate externalities to carry them through. But the effect, in their case, is decorative, and no more. They affect the reader as much as does a heavy gilt frame round a landscape. They are as artificial as the cypresses, but quite isolated from the main impression. And his characters are still *automata*. In the dramas of fear and death that did not so much matter, because the figures in them are not meant to live, but to evoke certain definite sensations. In "Monna Vanna" the dramatist attempts to awaken them from the spell of enchantment, and succeeds only in making them the types and personifications of certain obvious qualities or defects.

Miss Taylor devotes one or two chapters to an exposition of Maeterlinck's position as a pioneer of modern mysticism. But the sheer inertia of his prose meditations upon death and the like disqualify him from such a responsibility. He has none of the eagerness, precision of insight, and passionate endeavor of the true visionary. He writes on death as if there were no other reason for it than because he was out of humor with life. He writes as if not only the material were a futility, but the spiritual as well. His melancholy seems the fruit, not of sombre introspection but of a querulous, nerveless distaste, a boredom of life. His is no questing spirit. Miss Taylor actually calls him a "sage." If so, his solution to the complexities of existence is the solution of a tepid despair rather than of ardent discovery. Compare his rather enervated disillusion with the sombre and terribly alert imagination of Verhaeren, of Leopardi, and of Dostoevsky, and one can see the difference at once. No; the sincerity, the reality of Maeterlinck are in the domestic amiabilities and the supple, exquisite style of his gossip about bees and flowers.

THE IDEAL BOOKCASE for Few or Many Books

"Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book," said Charles Kingsley—and, without exception, there is nothing more serviceable for the housing of books than a

GUNN SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

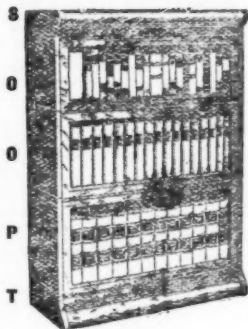


Fig. 1.

A small beginning with the Gunn System in Plain Oak.
"S" Top Section ... 8 6
"O" 9in. Book Sections (2) ... 1 7 0
"P" 11in. Book Sec. ... 14 6
"T" Base Section... 7 6

Total height, 44in. £2 17 6
Left to right, 34in.

ACCESSIBLE.

Convenient access to books is one of the chief merits of the "GUNN." Each section has a close-fitting glass door, which, by one simple movement, lifts up and slides back above the books, leaving both hands quite free. The glass doors are quite easily detached for cleaning.

ADAPTABLE.

You just add section by section as your books grow in number, and arrange them as your taste dictates. The "GUNN" can be built as high as any ordinary room, and right round the walls, while book sections in Figured Oak and Birch may be artistically combined with desk or drawer sections.

ALWAYS COMPLETE.

The "GUNN" Sectional Bookcase is just as useful to the man with 20 books as to the man with 20,000. From the first, and at any stage in its development, the "GUNN" is complete.

Write to-day for Descriptive Booklet No. 15, showing illustrations of the various sizes and styles, with full particulars and prices, sent, with name of nearest agent, post free on request.

WM. ANGUS & CO., Ltd., 45, PAUL ST., FINSBURY, LONDON, E.C.

The "GUNN" builds up in sections to suit any Books. Fit any Room, Harmonise with any Furniture, and Accommodate any Purse

The "GUNN" is excellent throughout. All materials are of the finest quality, all workmanship thorough to the smallest detail and the finish beyond reproach, while the jointing of the sections is incomparably neat and almost invisible.

Do not be persuaded to accept a substitute for the "GUNN." See the "GUNN" first—you will then insist upon it. "GUNN" stands for BEST in BOOKCASES.

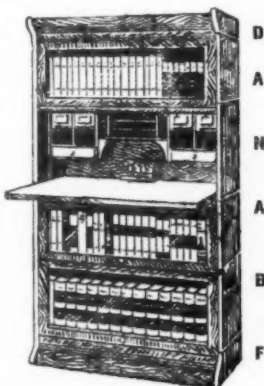


Fig. 2.

Illustrates 3 Book Sections combined with Desk Section in Figured Oak or Birch.
"D" Top Section ... £0 12 0
"A" 9in. Book Sections (2) ... 1 12 0
"N" Desk Section ... 2 15 6
"B" 11in. Book Section ... 0 18 0
"F" Base Section ... 0 10 0

£6 8 0

Total height, 59in.
Left to right, 34in.

The Daily News & Leader

is obviously the best family newspaper because the best families read it. This is proved by the statements of the leading advertisers, including the great West End Drapery houses, whose appeal is exclusively to women. Because it appeals to the best homes, it must appeal to your home.

NEW SERIES OF MODERN HANDBOOKS OF RELIGION.

Cr. 8vo, 256 pp., 2s. each net.

Books illustrative of the Principles and Faith of those who find the seat of Authority in Religion not in the Church or Creed but in the Mind and Conscience and Experience of Mankind.

VOLUMES NOW READY:

Religion as affected by Modern Science and Philosophy.

By STANLEY A. MELLOR, B.A., Ph.D.

The New Testament in the Light of Modern Knowledge.

By HERBERT McLACHLAN, M.A., B.D.

Religion in Social and National Life.

By H. D. ROBERTS (Liverpool).

LINDSEY PRESS, 5, ESSEX STREET, STRAND.

FOR OUR
SOLDIERS
AND
SAILORS
POST FREE

12 GOSPELS for 8d. 12 NEW TESTAMENTS for 1s. 8d. or 3s. 7d. Knapsack Edition, India Paper, 1s. 1d. HOLY BIBLE, 1s. 3d., or 6 Copies 6s. 6d. Knapsack Edition, India Paper, 2s. 8d. PRAYER AND HYMNS, 1s. 2d., or 12 for 12s. 7d. Knapsack Edition, 1s. 8d., or 12 for 12s. 8d.; India Paper, 2s. 8d. and 3s. 8d. INTERCESSION SERVICE, 12 for 6d., 100 for 2s. 4d., 500 for 10s.

THE LONDON BIBLE WAREHOUSE,
22, Paternoster Row.

BRITON AS GERMANY'S VASSAL

BY

GENERAL VON BERNHARDI.

Translated by J. ELLIS BARKER, Author of "Modern Germany."

Now Ready. Price 2s. net. Cloth 2s. 6d. net.

Published by

WM. DAWSON & SONS, ROLLS HOUSE, BREAM'S BUILDINGS, E.C.

FIRST AID INSTRUCTION BOOK FREE.

HAVERSACKS, STRETCHERS, NURSING REQUISITES for Red Cross Detachments.
J. WOOLLEY, SONS & Co., Ltd., Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

For general use

The "Allenburys" Diet is a complete and easily digested Food. It is pleasant to take, readily assimilated and speedily restorative. Whilst helping the system to recover its tone and vigour, it forms an ideal food for general use. Prepared from rich milk and whole wheat in a partially predigested form. Made in a minute—add boiling water only.



D.4. Allen & Hanburys Ltd., Lombard Street, E.C.

PITIFUL.

"Unpublished Letters of Lady Bulwer Lytton to A. E. Chalon, R.A." With Introduction and Notes by S. M. ELLIS. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. ELLIS says in his introduction that the "present generation has little conception of the prominence in the public press and mind accorded to the matrimonial differences of Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer Lytton sixty years ago." This may easily be the case; but another suggestion seems suitable, which is that the present generation cares very little about this very ugly scandal. Has not Lord Lytton, in his authoritative biography of his grandfather, told us all that need be known on the subject? This unhappy woman, embittered to the point of frenzy (and towards the last, indeed, a touch insane), has shrieked her sorrows long enough—and more than long enough. At this day it would have been kinder to her memory to suppress her altogether.

As Mr. Ellis says, in his well-designed opening pages, Lady Bulwer Lytton was undoubtedly at first a sorely injured woman. Her husband's behavior had been worse than a cad's; it had been that of the hooligan who uses both fists and boots, "culminating even in shocking physical violence and outrage." His wife charged him with "kicking her violently in the side about a month before the birth of her daughter in 1828, and with biting her cheek in a fit of frenzied anger in 1834." Nor can these charges be denied, for Bulwer himself wrote to his wife immediately after the assault: "You have been cruelly outraged, and I stand eternally degraded in my own eyes. I do not for a moment blame you for the publicity which you gave to an affront nothing but frenzy can extenuate. . . . I am now convinced of what I have long believed: I am only fit to live alone."

Clearly, therefore, Lady Bulwer Lytton had her point of view. But, however sincerely we may pity and sympathize with her during the early stages of the quarrel, she presently begins to weary us, and before the end weariness has merged in something like disgust. "Her subsequent campaign of virulent attacks upon her husband, in speech and letter and printed book, cannot be defended, however great the original provocation."

These letters to the artist Chalon (a long-suffering gentleman) show us the lady as she was in the middle and later periods of her life, when the separation from her husband was definite and unalterable. There is nothing remotely resembling them in fiction, for no novelist would ever have dreamed of depicting a woman as Lady Bulwer Lytton's own pen has here depicted herself. Dickens's Miss Miggs, the lean and acidulated, who protests that she would spoil no family joys, "not for a annual gold mine and found in tea and sugar," is an angel on the hearth in comparison with Bulwer's wife; and that portentous and dignified shrew, Mrs. Wilfer, a paragon of all the fireside virtues. Lady Bulwer Lytton's wrath embraces almost the whole of humankind. Taking at one time to fiction (herself the suffering heroine, her husband the villain unrivalled), she was unspeakably shocked that any other lady's fiction should succeed:—

"I don't know if you ever read a clever—but disgustingly coarse, not to say gross—book (more especially for a 'Miss' to write) called 'Jane Eyre'? An offensively vulgar and equally coarse book called 'Shirley'? And a revoltingly blasphemous book called 'Wuthering Heights'?—all of which the Press Gang—who lapidate me—bepraised to the skies. Then to be sure these Bells—as they call themselves, but Miss Brontës, adulate and bow down and worship men in general in all their books, like genuine 'British females' as they are, and court and toady—Mr. Thackeray in particular—so no wonder they have been puffed to the skies."

Against Queen Victoria she had, for some reason, a deathless grudge. Queen Victoria's taste in novels was not of the most intellectual, and her Majesty may have doted on Bulwer:—

"How disgusting are the daily puffs about the Queen inspecting the poor wounded soldiers from the Crimea; but you do not hear of her saying one kind word to them, or of her giving them anything."

"A friend of mine writes me word that Prince Albert looked quite delighted at sitting beside that beautiful Empress [Eugénie] instead of his own dumpy, idiotic-looking frau. I wrote her back word no doubt he was delighted at this change for his sovereign."

Touching Wellington's death, she writes:—

"My dear sir, they did give the poor old Duke of Wellington an emetic, but he having the chronic habit of not rejecting anything he was offered, it took no effect."

But it is when writing of her husband that the lady is most terrific. The passage that follows is not at all the worst in the book:—

"What a pity when My Lord Derby the other night talked of Sir Liar's brilliant talents shedding lustre on the Cabinet—on the principle, I suppose, that the blacker Day and Martin is, the greater the lustre that it sheds—but what a pity, I say, that My Lord Derby did not say *which* of those brilliant talents he more particularly admired. . . . Really, 'for the sake of public morals,' as that immoral mosaic of every vice, Sir Liar himself, would say in one of his clap-trap speeches, you should have been more explicit! Truly, England is a moral country! Very!!"

The next is much more characteristic:—

"Received, through Robert Hodgson, Esq., solicitor, of 52, Broad Street Buildings, Bank of England, London, from that ineffable blackguard, Sir Liar Coward Janus Plagiary Allpuff Edward Bulwer Lytton, the disgraceful swindle of £94 3s. 4d., which he does out to me, his legal victim, as Out Pauper of those Sodom and Gomorrah sinks of iniquity, the Park Lane and Knebworth Unions."

"ROSINA BULWER LYTTON, alas!"

"To that loathsome old ruffian, Sir E. B. Lytton, Bt., M.P."

Yet this was a brilliant, beautiful, and fascinating woman. There was much pity in it. Mr. Ellis has done his part well; but was it worth doing?

NEW FICTION.

"Landmarks." By E. V. LUCAS. (Methuen. 6s.)

"Perch of the Devil." By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. (Murray. 6s.)

"Tributaries." (Constable. 6s.)

"WRITE a book," said kindly Uncle Ben to Rudd, his nephew, "and weave it out of detached episodes that combine." Mr. Lucas has followed this advice so consistently that "Landmarks"—is it not his sixth in this class of novel?—is a species that fits his talent as perfectly as a cricket-ball the bowler's palm; and here we may grumble that, in his cricketing scene, Mr. Lucas gives us but a scanty taste of his quality. Perhaps Mr. Lucas thinks cricket too serious a subject to be treated as lightly as he has handled the subject of love and women. Wherever Rudd, this honest hero, on his way through the world, meets a woman—as Miss Phyllis Dewsbury, the actress, little Rose Addison, the servant girl, or the comely Miss Eva Lasker—we note that both he and the lady are equally disillusioned. It is indeed in the masculine interest in things happening, in activities and events, in the casual drama of life, in the interplay of circumstance and character, and not in the relations of people one to another, or their affections, that the strength of "Landmarks" lies. But to his masculine humor Mr. Lucas adds an appreciation of human motives that joins with his shrewd kindness to make him the most playful of satirists. He is at his best, we think, in the scenes where the radiant and rich American, Mr. Bloor, introduces young Mr. Rudd to the simple delights of his *chic* Parisian haunts. Mr. Bloor suffers from "defective alimentation," so he only frequents restaurants such as Voisin's, where the plovers' eggs, the oysters, the early asparagus, and such simple fare for a delicate stomach, can be relied on. But Mr. Bloor's foible is "to help people. And he left behind, wherever he went, a long trail of disaster, all proceeding from this purest and most disinterested motive." Through the mouth of Luard, the Fleet Street editor, Mr. Lucas delivers some very just remarks on the journalistic conscience, and in the scene of the dinner at Voisin's he rubs the gilt off the literary gingerbread. Considering that Rudd faithfully follows Uncle Ben's advice, "Be in as many sets and spheres of activity as you can; but don't be of any," and that the number of atmospheres are many and varied, the book holds together remarkably well, its secret centre, of course, being Mr. Lucas's shrewd, friendly outlook.

Mrs. Atherton's entertaining novel is written round the theme that "American men that amount to anything give their wives very little of themselves." Of the masculine

HOMELESS BOYS OF LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

ARETHUSA AND CHICHESTER TRAINING SHIPS
FOR POOR BOYS OF GOOD CHARACTER.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING & QUEEN.

President: THE EARL OF JERSEY, G.C.B.

Treasurer: W. E. HUBBARD, Esq.

150 Boys sent each year into Royal Navy.

6,000 have entered Merchant Service.

1,200 Boys and Girls now being maintained.


FOUNDED, 1843.

THE NATIONAL REFUGES FOR HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE
CHILDREN (Incorp. 1904).

London Office: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

Joint Secretaries: H. Bristow Wallen and Hy. G. Copeland.

DONATIONS EARNESTLY SOLICITED.



RESTORE THE
VOICE WITH

EVANS' PASTILLES

Eulogised, in numerous testi-
monials, by the greatest
Singers, Actors, Public
Speakers, Preachers, etc.
Of all Chemists, in 1/- Boxes.
Sole Manufacturers:—
EVANS SONS, LESCHER & WEBB, Ltd.,
LIVERPOOL and LONDON.

KELVIN MARINE MOTORS

For Petrol, Gasoline, Benzine or Paraffin, Petroleum, Kerosene. Simplest and most economical for Fishermen, Missionaries, Planters, and others possessing little mechanical knowledge. Already installed in upwards of 600 Sailing Vessels. Catalogues in 8 different languages. Kindly state which required.
SERGIUS LAUNCH MAKERS, Dobbies Loan, GLASGOW.

Prudential Assurance Company, Ltd.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

Invested Funds £85,000,000
Claims Paid £100,000,000

INFORMATION as to Wills, Pedigrees, Lawsuits, Registers
of Birth, Marriage, Death, &c., of any date.—George Sherwood,
227, Strand (by Temple Bar), London.

THE GREAT WAR.

In connection with ST. GEORGE'S CORRESPONDENCE
CLASSES, Edinburgh, a special Class has been arranged for the
study, from a philosophic and historical point of view, of various
aspects of the present war. Period to be studied, 1870-1914.
Further particulars from Secretary, 9, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

THE Saturday Westminster

for NOVEMBER 7 contains

AN ARTICLE by Horace Hutchinson.

"THE EXAMPLE OF OUR FATHERS."

By David Hannay.

"THE DISCOVERY." By Eden Phillpotts.

Reviews of Recent Books of History and Criticism.

THE AWARD OF OUR SPECIAL PRIZE for a
Short Story called "THE KNITTERS."

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

ECCLESIASTICAL NEWS.

GARDENING NOTES.

An "F.C.G." CARTOON.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

Of all Newsagents and Booksellers, or direct from
The Publisher, 12, Salisbury Square, Fleet St., London, E.C.

"PERFECTOS" No. 2

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

JOHN PLAYER & SONS
beg to draw the attention of
connoisseurs to

"PERFECTOS" No. 2

hand-made Cigarettes. They
are distinguished by a superb
delicacy, the result of a match-
less blend of the finest Virginia
Tobacco.

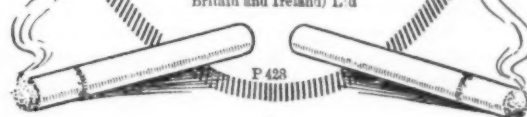
10	-	6d.	20	-	1/-
50	-	2/6	100	-	4/9

"PERFECTOS FINOS" are
larger Cigarettes of the same quality

JOHN PLAYER & SONS,

Nottingham.

The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great
Britain and Ireland) Ltd



THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1914.

Price 2s. 6d.

The November number of the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW
contains the following articles:—

CARL VON CLAUSEWITZ. By Sir JOHN MACDONELL, K.C.B.

TURKEY AND THE WAR.

By Sir EDWIN PEARSON

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

By Dr. E. J. DILLON

THE WAR AND PUBLIC OPINION.

By the Rev. Dr. JOHN CLIFFORD

PROPOSALS FOR A LEAGUE OF PEACE AND MUTUAL PROTECTION
AMONG NATIONS.

By ANEURIN WILLIAMS, M.P.

REIMS AND ITS CATHEDRAL.

By The Count de SOISSONS

DIPLOMACY AT THE HAGUE.

By Sir WILLIAM J. COLLINS, K.C.V.O.

NEWS IN WAR TIME.

By HUGH REDWOOD

RUSSIA AND THE WAR.

By ANGLITCHANIN

INFANTS AND THE NATION.

By Dr. ERIC PRITCHARD

NIETZSCHE AND CULTURE.

By J. M. HONE

A WEEK AT THE WAR.

By Dr. JAMES DONELAN

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

CERVANTES AND WAR. By J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY
REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

LONDON:

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW COMPANY, LIMITED,
10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.

hero, Gregory Compton, who is passionately absorbed in developing his Montana mines, it is said that he is "the kind of man that wouldn't remember whether his wife was twenty or forty at the end of his honeymoon." So he seems fitly mated to the aggressive Ida, that "substantial vision in coral and black," who is described as "the concentrated essence of American female egoism." Ida, in language, manners, ideas, and capacities, is a pure product of Butte, Montana. After a short experience of married life, she tells her friend, Ruby: "I've had love's young dream, and got over it. I'm just about dead sick of that kind of life. I'll cut it out, and put it down to profit and loss . . . but I'll hang on to Greg." Why the unfortunate Montana males ever marry at all seems a mystery, since the ladies of Butte only accept them as "providers," and believe that "all they are good for is to give us a good time." Gregory Compton is so occupied with his mining schemes at Butte, "the richest hill in the world and the ugliest city in the United States," that, after getting his wife "toned up and polished," he is rejoiced to see her depart for "a flyer" in Europe with Mrs. Ora Blake, the wife of his best friend. When she returns to Butte, a year later, her husband is famous and rich, having struck a new belt of copper ore on his ranche, which is worth many millions. The most interesting side of the story has to do with Gregory's development of the mine and his fight with his rival, "The Amalgamated," a company financed by the Standard Oil. These pirates of the Apex Mine try to steal Gregory's property, first by legal chicanery and bribery, and, secondly, by direct assault; but Gregory wins every time. While the Montana males are fighting incessantly for fortunes in copper pyrites, the ladies, Ora and Ida, are battling unsuccessfully with their "highly organized impulses." Gregory's "colossal indifference" to his wife ends by making her rage with wounded pride and intense mortification, and she not only refuses to divorce him, but follows Ora, who has also developed an "obsession" for Gregory, down the mine and tries to kill her. All this may sound somewhat melodramatic to our readers, but the study of the extravagant crudity of these women of Butte is as scientifically fascinating as that of other more cultivated barbarians on this side of the Atlantic.

The author of "Tributaries" has preferred to remain anonymous, a fact which we take in conjunction with his statement that his picture of the Radical Minister, Maurice Sangster, "does not represent any politician in real life." Several well-known politicians might indeed have posed for the composite photograph of this young pillar of Nonconformist and democratic principle, who begins life as the son of a small newsagent, and attains a seat in the Cabinet. Maurice first finds his feet as a journalist, and then as an organizer of "the political side of Nonconformity"; it is his great oratorical gift, which he uses to stir up democracy by attacking the rich, that brings him power. The theme is a very ambitious one, for the author has not only crowded his canvas with many figures representative of the various social strata that Maurice penetrates, but he has introduced much talk between the characters illustrative of the bewildering currents—social, religious, and political—of modern life. The whole effect of the novel, indeed, is that of a clever "moving picture" or journalistic panorama done by a versatile hand who has skimmed a broad surface of metropolitan life, but has no special artistic sense. Nearly every one of his varied scenes, when examined critically, turns out to be a caricature of the real thing. We may instance the scene in Chapter VI., where Maurice tries to persuade the Dissenting financier, Mr. Champness, that it is his duty to enter Parliament. Every touch is of the generalized *cliché* order. So with the love-making in Chapter X. between

Maurice and Phoebe Champness, and with the violent quarrel in Chapter XI. between the indignant financier and the presumptuous young suitor, the author's flow of ideas and strong dramatic sense puts his puppets into motion, but cannot confer on them individuality. It is, of course, a matter of the lack of discriminating shades and true inflections, and a great many readers—perhaps the majority—will scarcely suspect that the most vivacious scenes, such as the one where the Sangsters visit Lord Ravenstruther, all follow the line of least resistance. The anonymous author shows, in fact, the untiring energy of a clever journalist, whose exposure of the fraudulent element in party politics is carried through with satiric directness.

The Week in the City.

THE latest information about German finances is startling. According to Dutch papers, German Government coupons are not being cashed in Holland. If this be so, the Treasury at Berlin must be in a desperate condition, and the only explanation possible is that the depreciation of the inflated paper currency has alarmed the authorities. But to avoid such a confession and such a blow to German credit, one would have expected any measure—even an export of gold. The truth may be that the German authorities are only cashing coupons where Dutch ownership can be proved. Anyhow, the financial pressure is so severe that one need not be surprised at the reports now coming, on good authority, of depression in Berlin. In the City some interest has been taken in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's arrangements for relieving members of the Stock Exchange and merchants who are embarrassed by the non-payment of debts due from Germany, Austria, and other countries. It is, of course, a new idea that taxpayers should subscribe to the losses of speculators and merchants; but City sentiment, on the whole, seems to approve, and the Treasury has not gone as far as some hoped. Curiosity is beginning to be felt as to the first War Loan which may soon be forthcoming, as Mr. Lloyd George will not wish to issue Treasury bills much beyond 100 millions. Unless the Consol Market is opened for the purpose, it is quite possible that the Treasury may try an issue of bonds redeemable in two or three years' time.

CENTRAL ARGENTINE NOTES.

The Central Argentine Railway is issuing £1,000,000 of 6 per Cent. Three Year Notes at par to its proprietors in order to finance its requirements under present conditions. The notes will rank after the 4 per Cent. Debenture stocks and before the 4½ per Cent. Preference stocks, which at present is quoted to yield just about 5 per cent. Holders of this stock therefore may with advantage (as far as the next three years are concerned) exchange into the notes; for, by so doing, they will gain about 1 per cent. per annum interest. If the 4½ per Cent. Preference stock should rise more than three points in the next three years, they will, of course, have gained nothing at all. An exchange therefore is rather a speculation upon the future of the capital market. On the other hand, Central Argentine stockholders who have money to invest at the present time cannot do better than take up the 6 per Cent. Notes. As they are repayable in three years' time, they cannot depreciate and will afford first-class security for bank loans. The interest is high, and is payable by coupon. It is most unlikely that Central Argentine stockholders will not apply for the whole issue themselves, and the notes are quoted at about 2 premium already. At this price they only yield 5¼ per cent., allowing for the purchaser at 102 having to accept 100 for them at the end of three years.

LUCELLUM.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Funds Exceed £23,500,000.

Income Exceeds £5,500,000.

Chief Offices: LONDON, 61, Threadneedle Street; EDINBURGH, 64, Princes Street.

